

THE SATURDAY

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EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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THE FAIRY'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MATTIE S. FAY.

Swinging in the lily bell
O'er the grassy lea,
Listening to the birds that tell
Tales of love to me,
All the happy summer long,
Full of joy and glee,
Mingling with the wild bird's song
Notes of melody;
Dancing on the grassy green,
Where the shadows play,
I, a happy fairy queen,
Laugh the hours away.

When the flowers go to sleep,<
Dreaming of their love,
And the bright stars laugh and peep,
In the sky above,
When the moon shines on the world,
With its shimmering lights,
When, arrayed in green and gold,
Fays and fairy knights,
Hold their revels by the brink
Of some silver stream,
Where the water-cresses drink,
And the pebbles gleam.

Are the smiles of Morning bright
Faster lighted air,
Of the gentle waning light
Of the Morning Star,
When the night-wind sobs and grieves
Through the waving pines,
Hopping up the shining leaves
Of the climbing vines,
With my daisy finger tips,
I, with cunning craft,
Open the Morning Glory's lips,
For the dewy draught.

With golden casque and plume,
Fays, arrayed in green,
At my call from heath and broom,
Come to deck their queen.
Pleading on the thistle-downs,
Hiding in the flowers,
Caroling my gayest song,
Through the leafy hours,
Dancing on the grassy green,
Where the shadows play,
I, a happy fairy queen,
Laugh the hours away.

Mattie S. Fay.

Original Novelet.

STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE GARY.

I was weary enough of my life in town at the end of six months, and yet, spite of its hardships, it possessed a fascination for me. My hours of recreation were become times of delightful enjoyment—latterly I had occasionally been suffered to visit the rectory alone, my preceptor having kindly informed "Mrs. Holcomb" that her presence was an interference with the interest of his pupil, and a violation of his will, which she would be discreet enough to hope to respect. How he dare speak to her so authoritatively, and why she received his admonitions so submissively, were continual mysteries to me.

He continued to call me Woodbird—sometimes dear Woodbird—and in fact, he adopted toward me in all ways, a manner that was exceedingly insinuating, but not definitive. Sometimes after the lessons were concluded he detained me to read poetry, and at these readings he artfully contrived by look and emphasis to make the poet's sentiment his own, and thus to say serious tender things to me that otherwise he never spoke.

When the lamps were lighted I always returned home, and often he took occasion to accompany me. Gave himself the delightful pleasure, he said to me; but on arriving at home he invariably remarked to my aunt that he had taken the precaution of seeing her niece safely returned, I had been unusually detained, &c.

In short, he so conducted himself as to appear when alone with me in a state of beatitude, and in my aunt's presence as if his attentions to me had simply been duties imposed upon himself.

I could not fail to remark that his treatment of me differed materially from what it had been, when he played the little door yard gate, and that he met me back at least five years the moment my aunt's eyes were upon him.

He never concealed the truth from her, and yet he contrived to make the truth a lie. If we had been reading poems together, and he looking unobtrusively into my eyes, he would not fail to say he had been reading, but in such a way he said it as to make it appear that he had simply been amusing a child, and that either he was complacent to himself, than entertaining an appreciative woman, and being entertained by her.

I felt that my aunt tacitly exercised authority over him, and that tacitly he acknowledged it, and I knew instinctively that she disliked me and was jealous of me, though she manifested these feelings in none of the ordinary ways.

If she said, "My love, you must attend your books!" I understood I must keep silence, and if she kissed me, I knew there was work for me in the sewing apartment, where the fabulous woman wrought daily in the person of myself.

She addressed me, in the rectory's presence, especially, as though I were a child, and necessarily felt and thought as one; and he received it all as seriously, and fell in with it as readily, as though it were the only point of view from which he had ever regarded me.

When I had been living in town a year, there came a letter to me from my mother—it was the first I had received from her, though it was not the first time I had heard from home, as my parents had taken occasion to send me verbal messages a number of times by their neighbors, who were coming to town. This letter was full of news important to me. It told me first that my mother had never been reconciled to have me away from her—that my year's absence had

been a year of mourning to her, and that now, so far from having me come home, as she had hoped to do, she was about to be separated from me by a greater distance than ever. She and my father had been summoned to attend my grandfather, who was lying very ill, as the letter said, and must remain with my good aunt, for she knew not how long. My grandfather lived in a distant state, and the preparation for the journey and the journey itself, would make very heavy demands upon them, so heavy that only half my last year's allowance could be afforded me. The old homestead had been leased for a year, and all other arrangements for departure nearly completed. Should she never live to come back, my mother said I must remain with my good aunt, who would be a better mother to me than she had ever been, and forget all she had done that was wrong. She scarcely hoped ever to pay my good aunt for all she was doing for me. Dear deluded mother, she did not suspect that I was but an instrument and a hireling in my aunt's selfish hands—that I not only earned most of her living, besides my own, but also facilitated the highest pleasure of her life, and screened her effectually from the sharp eyes of scandal. It was not for my sake my sweet voiced aunt was educating me.

The letter told me that Archibald Ludlam's father was dead—his mother in a declining state of health, and that Archibald himself had been away from home nearly as long as myself, and was doing wonderfully well, report said.

Where he was gone, or what he was doing, the letter did not say.

When I had read this letter, I fell to musing, very sadly, for, every day of my absence from home, I had more and more learned to love it, and my parents had grown dearer, too; as I contrasted them with others, I learned their worth, and now that the possibility of my return to them was cut off, there fell upon me a desolateness and a sorrow that I had never known till then. The green fields stretched themselves out before me, and I longed to put off my cramping shoes, and feel the grass under my feet again. I thought of the cattle as if their dumb faces had been human; and then I thought of the night when I had last driven them home, and when Archibald had been with me. I wondered where he was gone, and why he was gone, and if he would ever come back—and if so, how he would look. I wondered whether he ever thought of me, and if so, what he thought of me. I did not care more, I said to myself, for Archibald, than for John Smead, or for any other lad I had known at school and liked well enough. But still I kept musing on and on; and the longer I mused, the more I found I remembered of him. It was curious, I thought, that I should have so many more little incidents connected with him, in my heart, than with any other lad, but so it was. If I had ever thought more of him than of John Smead, I might have accounted for it, but as it was, I could not.

Some natural tears fell from my eyes, and before I could dry them, my aunt accosted me with—

"My dear, it is strange you can be so thoughtful. It is almost time for your visit to the rectory, and how do you appear?"

She stooped over me, kissed me, and hastening to arrange her best cap, said she would step over in my stead, and make my apologies, as she was very sorry to see I would not be presentable that night.

She must have understood that so far from serving me, as she made it seem, she was in reality annoying me; disabbling me for her own selfish sake. I was half glad when a little tapping of the knocker told me she had been disappointed of finding the rector at home, and was returned. I opened the door, and, to my surprise and consternation almost, for my eyes were wet and my hair dishevelled, beheld Mr. Vatter himself.

"What has happened to my little darling?" he inquired, tenderly, putting one arm about my neck, and stooping over me.

I said I had got news from home that made me sad, and I tried to escape, as I said so, but he held me fast, and affected to think I was deceiving him.

I indicated the letter which I still held in my hand, to show him my sincerity.

"But my little Woodbird must remember there are others to love her as well as her parents, and some time she must forsake father and mother for the love of a dearer friend."

I said I did not think anybody in the world loved me except my parents; for I was not in a mood to see the sunniest aspects of things.

"I think somebody else loves you, and I know it," answered Mr. Vatter, speaking in a soft but earnest tone, and pressing his lips close against my cheek.

I withdrew myself with some displeasure, and with evidence of more than I felt.

"My pretty Woodbird must not be vexed with her preceptor," he went on to say, approaching me and patting my cheek; "is it not natural that the shepherd should love the lambs of his flock?"

I said yes, indifferently, and produced my books for the recitation. As I was about lighting the lamp, he put back my hand, saying,

"I know the lesson very well, and the moonlight will be sufficient."

He opened one of the books when I was seated, and began:

"What makes our mortal life the happiest?"

"Ah, but that is not in the lesson!" I answered.

"Very well—I propose to throw you upon your own resources, and with questions now and then that books do not answer for you—that is one of my methods of teaching."

It seemed to me that it was a good method of teaching, if not altogether agreeable, and after a moment's hesitancy, I replied that the consciousness of duty done made life the happiest.

"You are incorrect, my pupil—human love makes human life the happiest."

I answered, "Perhaps so," and he continued—

"If happiness depends on love, is it not right to use all honest means to obtain it?"

"Certainly."

A dozen sentimental questions he asked me, concluding with,

"Supposing, my Woodbird, I loved you, would you love me again?"

His arm stole about my neck as he asked this question. A cloud passed over the moon, and made the little light more faint, and helped me to say "yes."

His tone changed to one of playful banter, and he added, quickly,

"And suppose I did not—what then?"

I made no reply, for I was ashamed and mortified that I had suffered him to draw from me a confession without any avowal on his part, and, to add to my embarrassment, the light, gliding step of my aunt was heard approaching.

When she became aware that Mr. Vatter was with me, she sweetly reproved me for having made no light.

"Pray you, madam," said my tutor, "believe it is all my fault, and if I had desired a light, I should not have hesitated to inform my careless little pupil."

He came up to me as he spoke, and patted my head lightly, as if he said,

"We understand one another, and I only seemed to blame you to blind her jealous eyes."

For when he said he was quite at fault, it was with a tone and manner that indicated I was at fault, and he would fain shelter me from censure, though it was not all undeserved.

This impression my aunt received and smiled, and at the same time he conveyed to me quite the contrary impression, and I smiled, too. My aunt did not say she had been waiting at the rectory for an hour—she did not even say she had called there! on the contrary, she gave out that she had been most happily engaged. She assumed that Mr. Vatter had come to visit her, and regretted that he had obliged himself to wait her coming so long. She took it for granted that I had given him no entertainment, what, ever, and apologized both for my dullness and my youth.

She then recalled me to my duty and my insignificance by inquiring whether I had said my lesson.

"Yes," said Mr. Vatter, before I had time to reply in the negative, "most satisfactorily."

She then begged he would excuse me, saying it was already time little folks were in bed. As he bade me good-night, he held my hand with a prolonged pressure, and begged that I would think over the evening lesson before I went to sleep. There was no need that he should make such a request—I could not have thought of anything else if I had tried. I don't know how it was, for I never had much confidence in his sincerity, that I learned to love him. I think he loved me, too, after his own fashion, and as much, perhaps, as most selfish men do love. I was always conscious that he had two faces, and that my aunt was equally sure she stood higher in his regard than any other woman.

She would never, even to herself, acknowledge the possibility of my being anything to him except a little girl and a pupil.

If she found us conversing apart, she would come as if to the rector's relief, and thank him for his kind attentions to me as though they were simply a compliment to herself.

Month after month went by, and the months made up another year, and there was no plain-spoken and honest understanding between myself and the rector. He continued to call me Woodbird and other pet names, and to smile meanings that he never otherwise conveyed.

Of late he had avoided rather than sought opportunities of being alone with me, but my faith was not shaken in the belief that he would often have preferred to be so, so confident is the inexperienced heart.

At length, to see him become my daily meat and drink, his smile grew to be as necessary to me as the light, and yet I trembled and shrank away when he spoke to me of love, and felt as if to speak thus to me were a crime in him, though I could not tell why, and when he read the prayers I could never say amen; I would have preferred never to hear him read prayers. When he sat opposite to me at the tea-table, and conversed in his peculiarly instructive and fascinating way, or with half the width of the room between us, I was well content—nay, very happy, and did not seek to define my feelings or to shape out my future for myself.

Once when I said I wished that my parents were come back, and that I could go home, he answered I must never go home, and that some time he intended to take my aunt and myself to live with him at the rectory. I did not receive any very definite meaning, indeed I did not suppose he meant to convey any, except it were an unwillingness to be separated from me.

He was younger than my aunt by five years, at least, and whether he regarded her with a filial, brotherly, or lover-like interest I could never tell—but certain it was they sustained intimate relations to one another, in some way. Once a week he drank tea with us, and for the occasion the table was spread with great care, and the next door servant borrowed to officiate.

The loving nature of my aunt seemed thoroughly aroused by the illness of my grandfather, and once or twice every week she dispatched long and most affectionate letters to him. She told him always that the great desire of her life was to be with him, but that he must remember she was a poor widow with no means except the earnings of her hands, and that she should never be able to journey to him till she went across Jordan.

She shed tears often over these letters, and I fancy she made herself believe in their truth.

It was as if the prayers she put up for the prolongation of his old life were answered, and month after month, and year after year he lingered on and on.

My parents had been three years with him, and I had been four years in town seeing all the day for the fabulous woman—studying my books at night, and almost courting the tyranny

that I half despised, for I was become the slave of my foolish heart, and yet I felt that I would gladly be free from the fascination that was upon me.

Yet I wept all night and could not be comforted when there came a great letter with a black seal that told me my grandfather was dead, and that my aunt had fallen heir to a fortune.

My parents were coming home almost impoverished, and I was to go back to the old weary toil.

My aunt could scarcely conceal her exultation, and hurried away to the rectory to tell the news—her sweetly worded letters had won for her what years of loving pains-taking and persistent self-sacrifice had not gained for my good father and mother, such strange inconsistencies are there in human nature.

I had never seen my grandfather, and of course my love for him was but a vague thing, so that my indignation for his ingratitude was greater than my sorrow for his death, and while my aunt went out in high glee I remained moping at home.

She had been away long enough to reach the rectory when Mr. Vatter entered.

"How does it happen," I said, "that you are almost sure to come here the very time my aunt goes to visit you?"

"It does not happen," he said quietly—"it will strengthen her patience to wait for me, and, besides, she will find me here when she comes home."

"What! you saw her then?" I asked in surprise.

"No matter," he answered in the same calm tone—and taking my hand he went on playfully—"I came to talk to my pretty Woodbird this evening—it is not often I have opportunity."

Now I had known him to slight opportunities repeatedly, and feeling emboldened in self-defence by the wrong which I considered my grandfather had done us, I said so.

"Admirable!" exclaimed he, "my dove is growing bold—but suppose I have avoided you, and suppose I was forced to such avoidance, am I not more to be pitied than blamed?"

I said I could not imagine such a situation.

"I can, to my sorrow," he replied.

I looked at him inquiringly, as if I would say, "What is it you mean?"

And he went on musingly—"We are born without our own consent, and in the course of years feelings arise in us, beyond our will, too, that demand sympathy; by chance or accident, or I know not what, we meet some one who seems to require at the moment; we accept it, but in the course of time other feelings arise requiring other sympathies, while the old feeling dies, as all things should when they have served their purpose, and seems but as one of the processes that helped to bring us to a better phase of life; then if we yield to the living love do we harm the corpse of the dead one?"

I made no response, and he replied to his own query.

"New loves are but the natural growth of humanity, and come in their season as the buds and leaves and fruit come to the tree; the law of nature is the law of God, and demands our obedience, no matter what are the laws of men."

"And so you came to preach a sermon, not to see me," I said, hoping to divert him from his curious speculation.

"I came to be rid of my umbra," he answered, "to cheat fate for a little while, though I could not escape it; in short I came because I could not stay away."

He did not look at me as he spoke, but turned his face aside, as if rather confessing to a spirit than addressing me. I tried to laugh and speak lightly, but there was an atmosphere of solemnity about us that forbade even the effacement of trivial feeling.

He took my hand in both of his, held it caressingly to his heart for a moment, then lifting it to his lips he kissed it reverently, saying, "I am sure that can't offend you, my dear child," and laid it down on my lap, with a heavy sigh.

To break the awkward silence that followed, I told him the news; he started—his face flushed and grew white again. After a moment he said,

"Then farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear—evil be thou my good."

I inquired what he said, for I was alarmed at his strange mood and manner.

"Nothing; I was repeating poetry," he replied, and smilingly he laid his hand on my hair, and said, I would of course, under the circumstances, remain with Mrs. Holcomb.

I answered, "No, I prefer to go home."

My decision, he said was quite natural—the first impulse of a good heart; nevertheless, I would, he was sure, on reflection, act in accordance with reason and judgment, both of which condemned it.

And with great energy and earnestness, he proceeded to set before me the disadvantages of such a course.

Home would be less desirable, and my privileges more circumscribed than formerly, he said—I was worthy of a better fortune—I must not allow fate to conquer me; he had not, and would not, unless indeed I helped her to quite prostrate him. He would not say anything of my personal beauty, and the ornament it would be to the circles in which it would be his pleasure to introduce me; but my talent—my genius—these were not to be forgotten or slighted; they were God's best gifts to his children; and to return home, as I proposed, would be to hide them under a bushel.

If I had no regard, however, for the best interests of my intellectual nature, I had, he hoped, perhaps presumptuously, a little, a very little for my poor old preceptor—for his sake I would remain; if I went, I would take the sunshine with me.

No, I would leave the sunshine—leave my blessing—more if it were possible—he knew that. I had revealed my tender interest in him in a thousand ways; but I must go home, that

was best—for though he was dear to me, I had no right to believe I was anything to him.

"My little Woodbird makes me very happy," he said, but he did not say he loved me, even then.

"No, no, you must never leave me," he continued, "you shall have the pretty south chamber in the rectory; I will make it bright with flowers and pictures; all my books shall be at your service; you shall have everything but me—"

He was leaning over my lap, his face almost touching mine, when the sentence was broken off by the abrupt entrance of my aunt.

She divined with womanish instinct the nature of our interview, and advancing, with a smile so bright that it seemed to wither me, said,

"I am glad, my dear Caty, that you have learned to like your good uncle so well—and I hope your regard will not diminish now that you understand the true relation in which he stands to you."

She dilated into shining and glossy and smooth beauty, as she bent toward us, but I shrank away from the hand she extended to me—I thought it would feel clammy and snake-like.

I could not instantly add up the sum of her intelligence, but slowly it forced its way through my brain down to my heart, and that turned sick, and the world seemed to sink beneath me.

"The sudden happiness quite overcomes our little darling," she said, laying one hand on the rector's shoulder.

"Laura! madam, what do you mean?" he asked, sternly, and rising to his feet.

"I mean to inform my niece," she said, speaking very quietly and sweetly, "that the Rev. Mr. Vatter has been my loved and honored husband these ten years! Do I make myself intelligible, my dear?"

"Painfully so, madam," he answered, with forced calmness, glancing imploringly at me, and sinking down in a helpless attitude.

What conflicting and tortuous emotions troubled me that night, and for many nights and days afterward, were needless to tell—but slowly there stole through the vexing tumult a sense of relief. I felt as if I had escaped from some terrible fear, and was safe, and the wounds healing suffering and slowly.

A strange pleasure mingled with the suffering, for I experienced a sense of security that I had not known through all the years of my alienation from home and kindred. I had solid ground under my feet, dry and desert though it were.

When I was calm enough to carefully examine the state of affairs, I understood in part how they had come to be as they were. I could not understand clearly, for there are mysteries that baffle the best of us, how my aunt had contrived to make the rector marry her, managing and shrewd as she was; but why the marriage, having been effected, was concealed, plainly had reference to the fortune which her assumption of poverty and widowhood ultimately secured.

And verily she deserved her reward, for she had suffered the martyrdom of ten years of steadfast hypocrisy, and privation amounting often to actual suffering; and all with such persistent firmness, that even her husband never suspected her privation.

I did not meet the rector for a good many days—he purposely avoided me, I think, but when we did meet he was composed—a little pale and silent, but even more kind than usual.

At the tea-table he insisted on making my tea very sweet, and gave me two French rolls, eating none himself, though he was specially fond of them. He felt, he said, the greatest delight in his new freedom from restraint and discrimination. Certainly I should not have suspected his joy, if he had not thus avowed it.

He called me Woodbird and other pretty names, and by various shallow efforts endeavored to make all things seem as they used to, or rather that nothing different had ever been. He and I had been tenderly attached, as why should we not be still.

As we sat together on the evening that concluded my life in town, my aunt left us for a moment to give some instructions to the borrowed girl, who was officiating in the kitchen, and taking my hand he said, with a sort of pious affection, that I was the dearest lamb of all his flock, and that he would gladly have sheltered me from the rough winds—but it might not be, and I, he hoped, was as much reconciled to the ordering of Providence as himself.

The day following, he preached a great sermon on the excellence and beauty of Christian sincerity.

The marriage was published, and, in the most elaborate mourning, my aunt went to the rectory to live.

Some of the parishioners objected to the protracted concealment of the marriage, and at first refused to call, but when the fortune the bride had just inherited was published too, the most obstinate yielded—and indeed the conclusion was general that the proceeding on the part of my relatives was the properest in the world.

Ladies presented themselves adorned with caps and capes and collars which my aunt had wrought upon many a weary day, but ventured no inquiry about the seamstress she used to know.

Bundles of presents came in instead of bundles of work, and the coveted gentility so long counterfeited was received at last.

Let us draw the curtain upon the more secluded hours of our much envied friends, lest we should hear harsh recriminations, and see faces written all over with desolation.

When I returned to the old homestead I was nearly five years older than when, happy and full of hope, I left it.

I returned indifferent, doubting, weary, and with listless hands took up my old cares.

I was as a stranger in a strange land—some I used to know were married, some gone to new countries, and some were dead. Old houses had been pulled down—new ones put up, fences changed and roads opened. I could hardly believe at first it was home I was come to.

Mr. Ludlam's house was shut up, and looked

as if it would soon fall to pieces, and Mrs. Ludlam had been dead nearly three years. Could all this be possible; and yet the greatest change was in myself.

Only my mother was the same, loving, patient, cheerful, and full of hope. My poor father was a good deal cast down, and began to show signs of the hard work he had done, the disappointments he had known, and the many years he had lived.

He often said we might have a new house, and a carriage to ride in, if we had some of Laura's money, but my mother replied that the old house was dearer than a new one could be, and as for the carriage, why she was thankful we were able to walk. Laura was not so happy in her riches, she used to say, as she in the memory of my grandfather's blessing.

My life in town had quite distinguished me, and our country neighbors paid me many respectful attentions, but in all the tea-drinkings and merry-makings, I missed Archibald.

Eagerly I caught at whatever was said of him, and carefully I put one thing with another, and tried to piece out his history, but after all they were poor, unsatisfactory glimpses that I caught of him.

He had never returned home after first leaving it, which was soon after my going to town—he had passed through college with great honors—traveled abroad, and was so much changed as scarcely to be recognized by those who had seen him—these were the main facts that came to my knowledge. There was rumor of an engagement to a beautiful and rich young lady, and the story ran that this was the secret of his protracted absence.

I wondered whether he had grown handsome—if the lady he was to marry were really pretty, and if he had quite forgotten me. I supposed he had—it was enough like his faithless sex; I was sure I did not care; nevertheless I grew highly indignant in view of the supposition. I would probably have the same curiosity concerning any other young man I had ever known, if I were to receive similar news of him. My curiosity was quite natural.

If he were to come back some day with a cross, homely wife, and find me single and looking as well as ever, what would he think? Probably nothing about me—I hoped and believed he would not—still I could not help asking such questions—chiefly for the want of other occupations.

The autumn had been a month with us, and I had been at home a year—pretty well sobered from my girlish scorn and foolishness, when I went one night to the meadow to bring home the cows as of old. I heard a step going along the dry leaves of the woods, and paused and listened and looked.

Two dogs came rushing toward me, yelping and smelling the ground. I made haste to scramble over the fence, and fell among the briars. A voice that seemed not all unfamiliar, called off the dogs, and a strong arm lifted me. I turned and stood face to face with Archibald Ludlam.

I blushed and trembled, and tears in spite of myself, filled up my eyes.

He was not the awkward boy of years ago, but a full-grown, well-developed, and handsome man. His greeting was cordial and kind—he spoke of my parents, of his long absence, and of the changes time had made in both of us, but he was no wise sentimental—indeed he seemed to have forgotten that he ever had been so.

He walked home with me, assisting me over the rough ground, and across the run in the hollow, and talking fast and well all the time. He ate supper with us and remained the evening, all the while appearing happy and full of spirits, but I could not feel, for the life of me that I had anything to do with his happiness. In fact, he conversed chiefly with my parents.

Once when something was said about repairing the old place

for him either. I would live to show him yet that I cared nothing for him, that I would.

But Archibald gave me few opportunities of displaying my indifference, and to those few displays manifested an unostentatious carelessness that discomfited and shamed me.

One evening when he came to ask my father's advice about the new house he was building, I retired to my own room a little in advance of my usual hour, in order to show him that my movements were altogether independent of him.

He said as he bade me good-night he was sorry to be deprived of my excellent company, and should send with me to my sick bed his warmest sympathy, but this pretty speech was for politeness sake, evidently, and he did not once raise his eyes as he made it from the newspaper, the political news of which he was gleaning. I remarked that his visit was prolonged that night more than usual, and that there was no diminution of pleasure in the laughter that came up to the gloomy silence of my chamber.

He came one day with a pretty nosegay in his hand, and when I admired the flowers, he wore them into a chain, which he put round the neck of his favorite bond. Another time when I admired a delicate blossom which he wore in his vest, he asked me if I would oblige him by pressing it so that he might send it in a letter to one whose excellent taste he was sure would find pleasure in it, if I did.

I said it would delight me, but I gave bitter emphasis to the words, I think, and when he afterwards inquired for the dried flower it happened that I could not find it! He smiled ironically and left me—to search for another, as he said.

To the young woman who reads this I need scarcely say that these things were excessively provoking.

As the days and the weeks went by, and I tried to make him feel that I was not in love with him, I became thoroughly so, and secretly felt that he was aware of it.

At last the cottage was completed, and the beauty and simple elegance of the furnishings were the theme of the neighborhood—a house-keeper was installed, and the new mistress was expected with more than the usual interest country people are likely to feel in such events, for Mr. Ludlam was become a man of mark in the neighborhood.

Among my most admiring friends was a pretty young widow of the name of Gilman; she knew all my history, and felt the deepest interest in seeing my marriage with Archibald consummated. She owned a little farm, and was also possessed of a pretty face, and a pretty little boy three years old. She had been very happily married, and was a firm believer in the indestructible nature of love, and insisted greatly to my comfort that if Archibald had ever cared for me he did so yet.

Early one morning she came with a glowing face and quite out of breath to tell me of an ingenious plan she had, to effect an explanation and reconciliation between myself and Archibald.

She would give her little boy a birth-night party, to which all the neighbors should be invited, so that Archibald never suspect that it was gotten up especially for him. Of course he and I would be there; her house was two miles from ours, he would come home with me, and if he did not say something during that long walk, why he never would!

I told her there was nothing to say, that Archibald cared nothing about me, and a good deal more to the same effect, but she would not hear of it, and indeed I would not admit the truth of my assertions to myself, for I secretly hoped and believed he would revive the old sentiment.

I had never taken such pains with my toilet when the great scholar was to see me as I did on this occasion—the pink dress and the white dress and the blue dress, all were tried by turns, and none suited my fancy, though all had previously given me satisfaction. Sally Gilman at length decided that I should wear the pink dress—that was the most youthful she thought—and clover, white and red, in my hair, which she thought would be quite irresistible.

The night came, and I was early at Mr. Gilman's in gay apparel and gay humor. Hope was almost lost in despair before Archibald came, but he did so at last.

"Now," whispered Mrs. Gilman, "he will ask you to dance—see, he is coming this way!" And sure enough he did come that way, but it was to lead out Mrs. Gilman and not me.

When he returned her to my side he said, running his glance from my head to my feet, as if in astonishment,

"Really you are looking quite like a poppy among corn, in your gay attire."

I was annoyed—angry with him and with myself for the display of vulgar taste I had made, and I said scornfully that I had not made my toilet with reference to him, but regretted exceedingly to shock his superior refinement.

The remainder of the evening he devoted almost exclusively to Mrs. Gilman, calling her Sally, as he did years ago, and evidently entering into the flirtation with the highest zest. Now he carried her little boy on his shoulder, and now coquetted with her lap dog, never so much as bestowing a look or a smile upon me.

As I was tying my bonnet to go home, expecting momentarily that he would present himself as my escort, I beheld him complacently offer his conduct to the homeliest old maid of all the company.

I was now thoroughly satisfied that his aims and interests in life were altogether separate from me, and was therefore pleasantly surprised when a few days after the eventful evening, he presented himself, bright and smiling as a May morning, and invited me to ride in his handsome phaeton; the new house was completed, and he would like to show it to me.

I manifested an indifference not very flattering to him, but nevertheless accepted his proposal, and we were soon on the way.

When I was quite in his power he said I must forgive his selfishness—of course he was aware that I had no interest in his affairs, but he wished my advice about the placing of one or two articles of furniture before he should bring home Mrs. Ludlam, and he felt that for old memory's sake, I would be charitable enough to oblige him.

I replied that nothing could give me such pleasure as the ability to serve Mrs. Ludlam, but the tone, in spite of my effort to the contrary, was less gracious than I meant it to be, and betrayed something of what I really felt.

He thanked me, and said Mrs. Ludlam would thank me too when she came to know me—I reminded him of her sometimes—she was just what I might have been under the same influences.

I found my hands trembling a little, so painful were my emotions, but looking them tightly to-

gether—turned my face away—made a desperate effort to rally, and said, with forced gaiety, "Is she pretty?"

"Of course, I think so," he replied, "but suppose she will not generally be called beautiful; in truth she is not so pretty as you were five years ago."

He looked close in my face as he said this, and I felt that he saw my lip tremble, and the indignant color rush up from my heart, for I was vexed that he should thus coldly allude to my faded face. I could not have spoken in a steady voice, and was silent.

He seemed not to see my displeasure, and continued to expatiate upon his betrothal as though nothing in the world could so well entertain me.

After enumerating her accomplishments, and lingering delightedly on the peculiar and indefinable charms which he said I could never understand till I made her personal acquaintance, he added carelessly and humorously,

"She has lived it to you know."

"Lived in town?" I repeated, forgetting the air of indifference I had meant to maintain, "I wish I never had."

"Do you? Why? I think your going to town to live was most excellent fortune to you."

"Why?" I asked, making the word as short and sharp as possible.

"Simply," he replied, "because otherwise we might have been married."

"And that would have been the bane of all your happiness!"

"Oh, no," he answered, without the least hastiness, and evidently admitting my inference.

I was deeply mortified, and so angry, that on entering the house I scarcely saw the beauty and elegance about me.

I looked pale, Archibald said, and he kindly offered his arm, but refusing assistance, I followed him mechanically and with no pretence of interest, from room to room, till the round was completed, and we stood again in the pleasant little parlor, when I announced my anxiety to return home as soon as possible.

"But you will go to the garden first," Archibald said, putting his arm about my waist, and drawing me toward the door that opened to the west, where the sun was gone down, and the clouds reddening gloriously above the woods.

No, I would not go to the garden—I was already weary with his ostentatious display. I preferred to go home at once.

"But I have a story to tell," he said, "and the garden is beautiful just now—if Mr. Ludlam should prove to have so stubborn a will that he should I do with her?"

He had drawn me to the sofa as he spoke, and now sat with his arm about my waist awaiting my answer.

I would have risen, but he detained me, saying I must not go till he had told the story—it was all about his love-making with Mrs. Ludlam that was to be. He looked close in my face as he spoke, and I felt my lips trembling.

"Well," he began, "I was wretchedly in love long before she cared anything about me." My eyes filled with tears at this point, but he went on.

"Happening to meet her one twilight in the woods, I besought her to grant me one moment, and falling on my knees I told her all my heart was in her keeping, and while I told it, trembling, fainting, dying almost, she fell asleep—do you think she would go to sleep now if I repeated it or do you think she would allow me to call her dear Caty? She made me say Catherine then."

I was crying outright now, and without waiting an answer, he wiped my tears and kissed me many times, and said he had always loved that saucy coquette, and should as long as he lived, for she was become the gentlest, tenderest and best of women now.

I laughed and cried and scolded and petted Archibald all at once, and called him a thousand pet names, though I told him his own plain and once despised name was prettiest of all, and it would be my pride and honor to bear it as long as I lived.

So, through the soft evening shadows we rode home—betrothed at last.

New Publications.

CONSUMPTION. By Dr. W. W. HALL. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Philada.

We are inclined to think this a valuable treatise on a subject of certainly great importance. At all events, it deserves to be widely read and well considered. Dr. Hall finds that the largest number of victims to this disease comes from the class of persons who are confined in indoor employments, those especially which demand no activity for the feet. The persons least liable to the complaint are those in good circumstances—people of moderate means and wants, who take life easily. Dr. Hall states that consumption, even in its latest stages, when nearly one half of a whole lung is utterly destroyed, may be permanently arrested. This statement he sustains with argument and evidence of much weight. The cause of the disease he declares to be imperfect nutrition and impure blood, arising in all cases from an imperfect digestion and the breathing of an impure atmosphere. The cure is the large employment of outdoor activities, involving the breathing of a pure atmosphere, the working off by exercise of the useless, decaying, and dead particles of the body, and the securing of a good appetite and a vigorous digestion, which, by imparting substantial strength, increase the ability for exercise. He gives with minute circumstantiality the various measures to be employed for the arrest and cure of the disease. Among these he says, quoting Sydenham, "The primary remedy in Consumption is daily riding (on horseback) which is all in all." We commend the work to our readers. It is simply and intelligibly written, and will, we think, do good.

THE WOMAN AND THE CABIN. By W. GILMORE SIMMS. Eng. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson, Phila.

Mr. Simms has held, for many years, an honorable place in American literature. He is read and relished in all parts of the country, and will continue to be as long as his works maintain their present high character. Judging by the thirteen stories comprised in this volume, the veteran shows no sign of flagging power. They are Southern in locality, scenery, and characterization, but of wide interest. Most of them are strongly dramatic, and abound with incidents of Indian, plantation, or backwoods life.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Sent Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not more Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are \$3 a year, if paid in advance. If not paid in advance, \$4 a year. One copy sent free of charge. We enclose the following list of terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to our address, and in the country to one Post Office.

Four Copies, \$10.00 a year. Eight (and one to the getter up of Club), \$15.00 a year. Twelve (and one to the getter up of Club), \$20.00 a year. Twenty (and one to the getter up of Club), \$30.00 a year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States postage. ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent us money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscription to run at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers of the Post for them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND.) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. R. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON. The author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," "The Author of 'ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM,' &c., &c."

We design commencing in our next number, the following novel:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novel, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novel, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah," "The Child Medium," &c., &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD; A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novel, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c., &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED NOVEL BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, Views of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. Wilmington. "Zillah" was written by neither of the persons you mention. It will be published shortly in book form. "My Confession" may be purchased, we presume, at any of our city book-stores.

PHOTOGRAPHY. A correspondent informs us that a Photographic Magazine is published by B. Pitman, at the Photographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A CORRESPONDENT asks which are the best, and what are the several prices of, sewing machines. If dealers in those articles advertised them, as they ought to do, our readers might know something about them.

Respectfully declined: "The Old Man to His Wife." It is certainly poetical, but faulty in construction.

THE WITHERED HEART.

In our next paper we design commencing this novel, written expressly for the Post, by Mr. T. S. Arthur. We judge it will run through from six to eight numbers.

CONGRESSIONAL CORRUPTION.

Our report of the proceedings in Congress is unusually full this week, as we desire to lay before our many readers in the country, the recent remarkable developments as to the extent of corruption at Washington. That which has been generally believed to exist, is now fully proved to be something more than mere idle slander. Four members of the House from the State of New York, and one from Connecticut—Messrs. Gilbert, Edwards, Matteson and Welch—are so seriously compromised, that the Committee of Investigation have submitted resolutions that they be forthwith expelled from the House of Representatives. As it further appears that Mr. Simonton, the Washington correspondent of the New York Times, has received money for aiding in the passage of several bills—and thus prostituted the influence which his position gives him—it is recommended that he be no longer allowed to occupy a Reporter's desk in the House. The evidence, it will be noticed, also compromises, in some degree, Mr. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune. Mr. Greeley is absent, prosecuting a libel suit against an Iowa paper, growing out of this very matter; but he asserts in a letter, that he never received a cent of the thousand dollar check in question, but simply acted the part of a friend in carrying the check to New York, and drawing it in a certain contingency. He further says:—

I was nearly five months in daily attendance upon the doings of the present Congress, and during the time I never was paid nor promised one mill for anything I did or tried to do in Washington to advance any interest whatever.

Of course, it is simply justice that all these individuals implicated, should have a fair and impartial hearing. If it should appear, after such a hearing, that the four members of Congress referred to, are guilty of that with which they stand charged, we trust that they will be summarily expelled from the Legislative Hall which they have so foully disgraced. No man or party can interpose in their behalf, if guilty should be undeniable, without receiving a portion of the stain upon his or its own escutcheon.

It is a matter of some significance that the persons involved, with one exception, should all belong to New York. It is significant, because of the vast enterprise and undoubted energy of the business men of our sister State, and more particularly of our sister city. It has been believed for many years, that the success of the great capitalists of that city in their

schemes, was often quite as much owing to the unscrupulous application of their means, as to their undeniable energy and other business qualifications. This belief, finding utterance in the papers through the letters of Washington correspondents, &c., has exerted, as we think, a corrupting influence upon the country at large. The business men of Philadelphia, and other large cities, Eastern and Western, beholding the great pecuniary rewards of unscrupulousness, have been tempted to become equally unscrupulous in their turn. While, upon the New York capitalists themselves, the effect seems often to have been to make them less averse of shame, and to embolden them to carry on almost unblushingly, their prodigious schemes of Congressional corruption and legislative plunder.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to imply that the citizens of New York are by nature worse than other men—for that matter, a very large proportion of them were born in other cities, and even in other nations—we mean simply to call attention to the fact that in such great whirlpools of trade, where the "almighty dollar" becomes the almost exclusive object of a frenzied pursuit, those considerations of morality which stand so often in the way of the car of Mammon are apt to be most frequently disregarded.

But we trust and believe that the Report of this Investigating Committee will have a very beneficial effect, not only upon members of Congress, but upon the business men of the whole Union. It will be a lesson to all of them, to avoid even slight deviations from the plain path of rectitude. Accustomed as many have been to discriminate between the giver and the taker of a bribe, as if all the offence were in the latter, and none in the former, their eyes may now be opened a little to the fact that were there no givers there could be no takers. Men comparatively honest, who have been half-thoughtlessly led into a connivance at corruption, in order to forward great business interests, may now be forced to consider the matter in all its bearings. In a large majority of cases, we are inclined to believe the effect of such consideration will be a firm recoil from anything of the kind hereafter. Honestly, if we can; but not at all, if not honestly—will be the decision of many whose interests lead them to the doors of legislative halls. For they will see, if they have a reasonable degree of honesty and patriotism in their natures, that to aid in corrupting the legislators of a land, is to poison law at its very fountain, and to sap that popular barrier which is the only safeguard against the natural inroads of Executive tyranny. No Republic can easily be changed into a Despotism, until the masses of the people have lost their faith in either the ability or the honesty of the legislative body. But when the representatives of a people become contemptible in their eyes, it is as easy as lying and perjury were to Louis Napoleon, for some Caesar or Cromwell to sweep such checks and trammals aside, and to dye his robes an imperial purple in the heart's blood of his country.

SWINDLING AND SUPERSTITION.

The Johanna Southcott imposture on a smaller scale, has been lately revived in Philadelphia. A German woman named Anna Maister is now under arrest, together with her assistant, Caroline Venger, both charged with defrauding a number of persons by representing that the would send their souls to heaven for certain pecuniary considerations. The silly persons who were duped on these pretences were all German women (no men were admitted to the society formed), most of them poor, and some of them losers to a considerable extent. The evidence given in the hearing before Alderman Enne, went to show that the principal in the swindling scheme, Mrs. Maister, a lady with a long nose, turned up at the end, and equally prepossessing in her general appearance, represented to her disciples, two hundred in number, that she was the daughter of God and the Holy Ghost, and sister of Jesus Christ. Acting upon their belief of this assertion, she induced them to give to her as "an offering to God" considerable money, several silk dresses, silver pitchers, gold bracelets, pencil cases, watches, rings and other valuables. The husbands of the women, here, of course, been the losers. One man, whose wife was a devoted disciple of the impostor, has lost, it is said, over a thousand dollars. On one occasion an assessment of five dollars was levied on each member—notice being given that such was the behest of God in order that Mrs. Maister might have a gold watch and chain, to enable her to be a fitting companion for Christ when she ascended to heaven. Thus, at a single stroke, Mrs. Maister realized one thousand dollars! In these pious operations she was assisted by another lady with red cheeks, and a similarly turned up nose, the Caroline Venger above mentioned; and also a third person, a Mrs. Miller, of the conformation of whose nose we are not informed, but whose appetite for money, jewelry, and silk dresses appears to have been equally voracious. A warrant for the arrest of this person has been issued, and the two others have been committed to answer at court. It seems incredible that such a barefaced imposture should obtain credit with even the meanest understandings, but the fact is indisputable.

WHO THEY ARE.

Our readers no doubt have observed the filtration going on for some time past in the western heavens. Two bright stars—"particulars"—ones, two, we are led to believe by their conduct—gradually approached one another until it seemed as if they were about, "like kindred drops, to mingle into one"—when, presto, some unkind word seemed to be spoken, and they began gradually to separate, until now they are no longer within speaking distance. These two "parties" are Jupiter and Venus—the latter being much the most brilliant, as is natural to her captivating sex. Venus, we should judge from her appearance, has been playing the coquette; and Jupiter, to judge from his dull glowering, has been jilted.

ANOTHER SPIRITUALIST HUMBUG.—A medium in Nassau, New York, recently made an awful disclosure relative to the mode in which a boy who accidentally hung himself some years ago, practicing circus feats in his father's barn, really came to his death. The "spirits" disclosure called in question the character of a respectable lady of the vicinity, who it was asserted, to conceal her misdeeds, known to the boy, drove a nail into his skull, and then hung the body in the barn where it was found. Such was the excitement produced, that a Coroner's jury had to take up and examine the corpse, which was found with the skull entirely free from any nail mark. And so that lying "spirits" story was put to rest.

SOMEWHAT CURIOUS.

Swedenborg, in one of his volumes, in treating of the nations of the earth, states that a very highly developed people exist in the interior of Africa. When we read this, some year or two ago, in glancing through a volume of Swedenborg that a friend had loaned us, we could scarcely avoid smiling. But, from recent developments, it appears that the learned, and, as his followers contend, inspired Swede, was not so far out of the way in his assertion. A contemporary says:—

The researches of Rev. Mr. Bowen, just returned from Central Africa, vie in point of importance and almost of romance, with those of Dr. Livingstone. If there is less of adventure, there is more by far of practical usefulness in the valuable discoveries he has made. He has brought to light a new kingdom, in fact, or rather a series of kingdoms, of a high degree of civilization, in the very heart of Africa, and with whom we might and ought at once to establish a profitable commerce. Two hundred miles back from the mouth of the Lagos river, in the Bight of Benin, lies the kingdom of Yoruba. It contains about 2,000,000 of inhabitants. There are other kingdoms around, similar in character. There are cities as populous as Philadelphia, and civilized in a very high degree, and characterized by an active commerce. So singularly honest are the people, that it is the custom of the merchants to expose their goods within reach of customers, after the price, and take no further trouble about watching or selling them. When any one wants the goods, he helps himself, and leaves the money in its place. What is even more singular, is that they claim to be and seem really to be, of an Arabian stock originally, and have in their possession beads and other ornaments, not unlike those now found only among the tombs of Egyptians. Mr. Bowen, who is a man of considerable research, is to publish his discoveries on these and other points.

They have but little mechanical art, but they understand working in copper and fine brass, and they make the best kind of morocco leather. The country is elevated, healthy, cool, free from the low country fevers. Europeans can easily live there. The natives have fine profiles, and are quite different from the natives of the coast. They are anxious for missionaries and teachers to go among them. The King of Yoruba has been most hospitable and urgent for Mr. Bowen to come and live in his country, and has freely given donations of land and houses to encourage this. Other princes vie with these offers, so that missions in that country will be at once self-supporting. This is one of the best openings for science and commerce with the interior yet developed.

A nation whose stockholders act in the manner above described, are certainly, in point of honesty—a very important branch of morality—far in advance of any Christianization. Our contemporary talks of sending missionaries to them—and this may be very well—but certainly it also would be very well for them to send a few missionaries to us. We are afraid that commercial relations would not be established between us and them for many years, before it would be as necessary for their stockholders to keep a sharp look-out upon their customers, as it is now in Philadelphia.

THE MAELSTROM.

The statement was recently made in House-hold Words, that a nautical and scientific commission appointed by the King of Denmark, had sailed all around and over where the Maelstrom was said to exist, but could not find it—the sea being as smooth where the whirlpool ought to be, as in other places. The fishermen on the coast of Norway, it is stated, were all firm believers in the Maelstrom, but no one could point out its location. It is difficult to believe that the existence of such a furious whirlpool, so generally credited for centuries, should be a mere delusion—and yet these facts would seem to warrant such a belief. A. it also has been generally stated, however, that in certain states of the wind and tide, the Maelstrom is comparatively harmless, the commission may have happened to visit the whirlpool in one of its gentler moods, and thus their report of its non-existence be partially accounted for.

WROOP, WROOP, HURRA!—The hoop fashion is exploded!—such is the highly important announcement from Paris. The Empress Eugénie has made her appearance in public without any crinoline or hoops—and of course the whole feminine world is preparing to follow suit. As this coup d'état in the world of fashion is said to have originated in the brain of Louis Napoleon, mankind at large must give him credit at least for one good deed. The lady who wears a hoop after this announcement, is decidedly out of date, vulgar, behind the times. The price of rattle and whalebone undoubtedly will be seriously affected. Barricades of hoops no longer will flaunt in the breeze at the doors of the shopkeepers. The pavements again will be wide enough for two. Gentlemen no more will be covered over in omnibuses by indecorous skirts. The reign of a hateful and vulgar monotony, which has existed just long enough to prove that the women of this generation are not so much wiser than their great-grandmothers as we had thought—is fortunately over.

THE CABINET.—The Washington Union—a print which we suppose is at least as well informed as any other, while disclaiming official authority, gives the following as the rumored cabinet of Mr. Buchanan:—

Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Secretary of State. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury. John B. Floyd, of Virginia, Secretary of War.

A. V. Brown, of Tennessee, Secretary of the Navy. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior. J. G. Jones, of Pennsylvania, Postmaster General.

Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, Attorney General. It is stated further by telegraph from Washington, that Mr. J. G. Jones has written to Mr. Buchanan, requesting for the harmony of the party in Pennsylvania, to be left out of the Cabinet. It is well known that Mr. Forney is strenuously urged for Postmaster General by a large portion of the Democrats in this State.

NICARAGUA.—Walker's situation is a matter of doubt, and the conflicting accounts. Several battles have recently taken place, but as we judge from the opposing statements, without decisive issues. The Filibusters claim a triumph in one of them, but as they retired after the conflict, with several of their officers mortally wounded, they probably had not much to boast of. At last advices, the Nicaraguans had drawn off from, and were in the vicinity of Granada, awaiting the arrival of ammunition from Greytown.

The last accounts from Gen. Walker are to Feb. 2nd. He was then at San Juan del Sur with 300 men. He had established his headquarters at Rivas, and was concentrating all his forces there, amounting to 800 men. The result of the conflict seems very uncertain.

THE CABINET.—The latest rumor as to the Cabinet, puts the name of W. C. Alexander for Postmaster-General.

DEATH OF DR. KANE.—Dr. Kane died in Havana on the 15th. His remains were conveyed to New Orleans by the Calhoun; they were received with public honors. They will be conveyed by the steamer "Woodcock" to Louisville, on their way to Philadelphia. The highest honors were paid the remains by the highest officials of Havana, as they were conveyed to the Calhoun.

DOCTOR, Feb. 23.—Mr. Sumner started for Washington to-day, to resume his seat in the Senate. He will proceed to Europe, in the Fulton, on the 7th of March.

THE President has approved the College Bill, it is now a law.

The sugar cane cuttings brought to New Orleans by the "Relief" prove to be nearly worthless. Not more than one box out of six are good.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The foreign news by the Asia, which arrived at New York on the 22nd inst., with dates to the 7th, is unimportant. In England, Parliament assembled on the 3rd inst., and debated the Persian and Chinese wars. Earl Gray called for a despatch written by himself when in office, prohibiting the English local authorities from taking active measures without referring to the Home Government. The Queen's speech, read at the opening of Parliament, reiterates the Government's falsehoods in relation to the difficulty with China. Whatever grounds the British Government may have had for complaint against the Chinese officials, it is at least certain that it commenced hostilities on a false pretence, and that the measures it has taken to procure redress have been barbarous and cruel.

In the course of a Parliamentary discussion on the character and operations of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which it was suggested by several speakers that that monopoly be broken up, and the lands thrown open to emigration, Mr. Laing alluded to the tide of emigration now setting towards Minnesota, and said that the only mode of averting a conflict between England and the United States, which might arise from the American emigrants overstepping the borders and squatting upon the English territory, would be the annexation of the Hudson Bay territory to Canada.

The British troops are still operating in Persia. Spain is a toiling and trembling caldron, smoking and seething to no apparent purpose as usual. The Government appears to be a mere contest between partisans, greedy for place. Ferdinand Bomba, King of Naples, has signed a treaty with the Argentine Republic for the reception of the political prisoners who are to be pardoned when they will be for pardon, and then exiled! The gentle Bomba has communicated this treaty, accompanied with his insulting offer of pardon and exile, to all the prisoners in the kingdom. The result is not known.

A FINANCIAL EDITOR.—By a condensed summary of a recent trial, which we find credited to the New York Express, it seems that the money editor of the New York Herald, Mr. J. W. Hudson, was interested with other New Yorkers, in the "Potato and Missouri Land Company." To show how money-editors manage matters sometimes, we quote as follows:—

The Herald Money-Editor's Stock Jobbing Operations were further investigated this morning, in the Superior Court, before Justice Woodruff. The Money-Editor, Mr. E. W. Hudson, was himself the principal witness, and disclosed some queer facts about how the Potato and Missouri Land Company was gotten up. It appears from the testimony that Hudson and certain other parties, among whom were the Lands, of the Metropolitan Hotel, Albert Hamilton, C. Morehead, O. D. Hulsebeck and others, agreed to pay \$500 each towards \$2,500, to be used in starting the above Company.

A FASCINATING STRANGER.

BY ALGERNON CLARENCE.

"Have you seen Mrs. Freelove's new lodger?" asked one young English lady of another, whom she met as she went out shopping, in the streets of Verriers, in Belgium.

"No," said the other; "is he good-looking?"

"Oh, my dear, he's such a duck of a man!" resumed the first speaker. "You know we live opposite, and we saw him drive up to the door in such an elegant carriage, and he has so many trunks—a proof how rich he must be; and then I saw him on the balcony, smoking a cigar and looking so sentimental."

"What luck that woman has, and what a chance for her daughter!" observed the young lady. "I hope she'll give a party while he stays, and not forget to invite us. But what is the new comer's name?"

"I have not heard—something very aristocratic, I should think, for he has such a high-bred air. But there comes that dear old Belgian countess, who knows all the gossip of the town; suppose we go and ask her?"

And the young ladies flew off to gather "further particulars" about the interesting stranger.

Mrs. Freelove, whose name was often on the lips of all English travellers visiting Verriers, was a captain's widow, who eked out her small income by keeping a boarding-house in that town. She had been so well patronized by her countrymen and women, what with the attractions of a pretty daughter, a good table, and pleasant society, that she had been able to raise her establishment to one of first-rate elegance, and her parties were attended by all respectable residents as well as by birds of passage from England.

At the period we allude to, it was not the height of the season, and though Mrs. Freelove's house was nearly full, one or two of the inmates had announced their intention of taking their departure in the following week, when the rich lodger, alluded to above, had driven up to the door, and requested accommodation. Like a prudent woman, while welcoming the stranger with courtesy, Mrs. Freelove delicately hinted that she always required a reference, however superfluous it evidently was in the present instance, as she added, blandly, to qualify what ever might appear unpalatable in the remark.

"Faith, I quite forgot that!" cried he, with a frank laugh; "of course you do, and, indeed, ought to require a reference, when so many scamps are about. I heard what a nice establishment yours was, so I drove hither, instead of putting up at the hotel; but, of course, I can expect no exception in my favor."

Though disappointed at his having no credentials to offer, Mrs. Freelove could hardly bear the idea of letting so desirable a lodger slip through her fingers. She therefore temporized by observing that it would make no difference to her to receive him even without a reference, as nature stamps the impress of a gentleman so unmistakably on some persons, that it is as good as the best of passports,—only she had, just at present, no room fit to be offered to him, though perhaps in a day or two there might be a vacancy.

"You are an obliging creature," said the stranger, "and I'll write off to my banker and my solicitor to send you word that I have not run away with the shares of either the Eastern or the Western Railway."

"Oh, sir!" interrupted Mrs. Freelove, deprecatingly.

"No apology, my dear madam," said he, laughing. "I should think less well of you, if your house were like an omnibus, into which everybody could step in unquestioned. I'll go to a hotel for a day or two, till you receive the letter; only perhaps you'll oblige me by taking in my trunks, as I only want my carpet bag for so short a period."

To this Mrs. Freelove joyfully acceded.

"By the bye," said he, "my name is Gayly, and if any friend should call and inquire for me, will you be kind enough to keep his card for me? You see, I mentioned to several persons before leaving England, that I intended to locate myself, if possible, in Mrs. Freelove's renowned establishment, for you're mentioned in Murray's Guide, I think?"

The traveller's luggage was now brought in, and the stranger took his leave.

Scarcely had he been gone half an hour, when a gentleman came to inquire for Sir John Gayly. Mrs. Freelove came in a great flutter into the sitting room to answer him in person. There had been a gentleman of that name asking for accommodation, the lady told him, but she was not aware he bore any title.

"That's one of my friend's eccentricities," observed the gentleman; "he's so fond of being only valued for himself. I expect some day he'll present himself as plain Mr. Smith, for fear people should suspect how immensely rich he is."

So saying, the stranger gave his own card, on which was inscribed, "The Hon. Augustus Lighthead."

Mrs. Freelove was fit to bite her lips with vexation at having shown the slightest degree of mistrust to a wealthy baronet, who would give such *adieu* to her establishment, and she was so afraid he might send to fetch away his luggage, and never return, that on the Hon. Mr. Lighthead's inquiring at what hour Gayly would be in, she confided to him the grievous blunder she had committed.

"Capital!" cried the Hon. Augustus Lighthead, laughing immoderately.

Mrs. Freelove was in agonies.

"If I could have imagined," began she, "only I didn't know there was a baronet of that name."

"Not know of Gayly? Why, my dear madam, that is to argue yourself unknown," cried the man of fashion. "It is the Gayly who's entitled to a peerage hitherto supposed to be extinct; the case is now before the House of Lords. He came here for a little peace and quiet from his lawyers—only don't say I told you."

In a fever of anxiety, Mrs. Freelove now entreated her honorable acquaintance, if he met Sir John in the town, to tell him that she had caused a couple of rooms to be vacated to accommodate him, and to entreat him to return that same day, instead of going to a hotel; which Augustus laughingly promised to effect, if possible.

Scarcely was he gone when Mrs. Freelove hastened to seek an interview with an old gentleman, who tenanted the pleasantest room in the house, and putting on as most insinuating smile, expressed the hope that, as he had announced his intention of going to Paris the

week following, he would have no objection to be removed to another part of the establishment, that she might not lose a most eligible lodger who had just applied.

"Indeed, I've a great objection, ma'am," grumbled the old gentleman; "for I hate being put out of my way."

"But, my dear sir, you wouldn't wish me to lose such a lodger as Sir John Gayly?" persisted the lady; "only think of the good it will do my house. Now, do pray oblige me, and you shall have my own sitting-room, and I will make you so comfortable."

The old gentleman did not, however, at all relish being "turned out for he didn't know who," as he plainly told Mrs. Freelove, especially after having been so long in her house.

"So long, that we consider you quite in the light of a friend, my good sir," observed Mrs. Freelove; "besides, we all know how obliging you are."

"I tell you I'm not obliging," said the testy lodger; "especially towards those I don't know and never heard of."

"But everybody has heard of Sir John Gayly," said the lady, proffering by her newly-acquired knowledge; "he's a baronet who—"

"Tush! What do I care for all the baronets in the world, supposing he really is one?"

"Oh, my dear sir! Would the Hon. Mr. Augustus Lighthead answer for him if he were not? Why, he has a claim to a peerage."

"Lighthead, and perhaps light fingers, too," muttered the old gentleman; "however, that's your look-out. Well, since you want the rooms, I suppose you must have them—so, bring me my account, and we'll settle, and I'll be off."

"My dear sir, I hope you'll not leave us—I'm sure I'd rather give up the prospect of any advantages."

"Fudge!" interrupted the old gentleman. "Bring me my bill, and let's not have another word upon the subject."

And in spite of all her remonstrances, the old gentleman left her house within an hour.

Mrs. Freelove's vexation was, however, soothed by Sir John's return. The baronet seemed to come as if "towed in," willy nilly, by his honorable friend; he yielded, however, to the lady's entreaties to stay, backed by other polite entreaties that he would oblige her by not writing to England for any further references. Sir John consented, and proceeded to install himself at once. After disencumbering himself of his travelling clothes, he dressed himself in elegant style for dinner; and the servant, who took him in some hot water to shave, told his mistress he had never seen such splendid shirts as Sir John had carelessly tossed out of the portmanteau he had unlocked, to say nothing of all the articles in his dressing-case being of silver.

The dinner, to which sundry handy additions had been made, was quite a grand affair. All the ladies appeared in full dress, and put on their best smiles for the occasion, none being more smiling or more elegantly dressed than the hostess's daughter, Caroline, who had the envied privilege of sitting by the new guest. The gentlemen were perhaps a trifle stiff at first, but they soon yielded to Sir John's hearty manner; and before dinner was over each had declared him, in his own mind, to be the best of all good fellows.

In order to display her prize to the whole town, Mrs. Freelove sent out a number of cards to apprise her friends that her usual weekly reception-night was to be a full-dress party, and that there would be dancing. Her rooms were thronged with the whole (visiting) population of Verriers. Sir John was the admired of all beholders. The young ladies voted him handsome; the mammas declared him high bred; and Mrs. Freelove fanned the flame of the universal conflagration, by whispering here and there among the admiring groups, that he was enormously rich, though so pleasant and affable to everybody.

Sir John did not, however, put himself forward in any conceited manner, and indeed remained a part of the evening sitting by Mrs. Freelove, to whom he imparted confidentially that he was in search of a wife.

"For," observed he, in an undertone, "I wish to get married before certain changes take place in my position, which may render it more difficult for me to secure the priceless blessing of being accepted for myself alone."

"And pray, Sir John, do any of our Belgian ladies here present take your fancy?" asked the lady in a sprightly tone.

Sir John raised his glass to his eye, and after surveying a group of fair ones, "I think, ma'am," said he, "we must confess, after all, that no beauty can vie with English beauty, and that my fair countrywomen here, as elsewhere, have the decided advantage."

Mrs. Freelove looked pleased, for she thought the compliment was pointed at her daughter, who sat foremost among the group of ladies on whom Sir John's glance especially fell, but declared it did not become her to decide on so delicate a question.

"I dare say you'll think me an odd fellow," resumed Sir John, "but I wish you'd point out to me which are the richest girls in the room. Do you know why?"

"Natural enough, Sir John," began the lady, but with less alacrity.

"Ha! ha! ha!" interrupted he; "not so natural perhaps to others as it seems to me—for I wish to know which they are, not to court, but to avoid them."

How charmingly disinterested! thought Mrs. Freelove, who now began again to hope that Caroline's beauty had struck him.

Presently Mr. Van Hussen, one of Mrs. Freelove's old friends, came to pay his respects to the mistress of the house, and Sir John having moved away, he inquired who was this new lodger of hers. Mrs. Freelove entered into a long description of his numerous qualities.

"Ay, ay," said the more positive man of business, "but has he paid you in advance?"

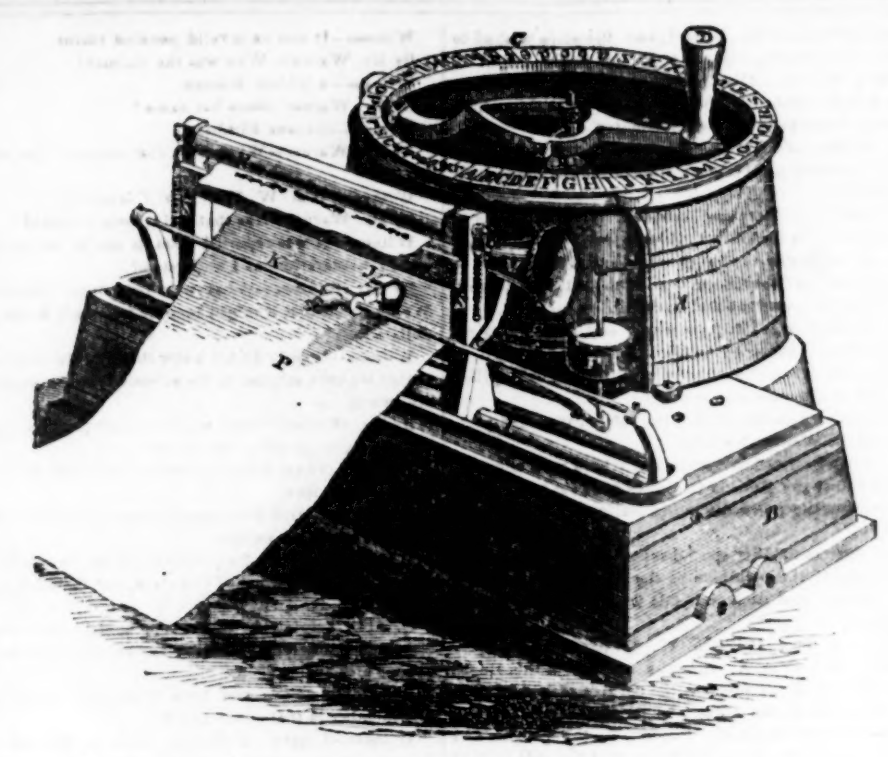
Mrs. Freelove was indignant at so mean an insinuation. It was not as if he had been an adventurer, a mere Mr. Jenkins or a Mr. Thompson—a baronet was known to the world at large.

"But how do you know he is the baronet he pretends to be?" asked the sceptical Van Hussen.

"As if it were possible to be mistaken in such matters!" exclaimed Mrs. Freelove, turning away impatiently.

"I'm!" replied Van Hussen, moving in the direction of the admired stranger, with whom he presently entered into conversation.

After discussing a number of indifferent topics, Sir John asked his acquaintance whether he could direct him to any banker who would discount some bills he had brought with him? Van Hussen replied he was himself a banker, and would accommodate him, if, as he



HAND-PRINTING MACHINE.

Among the novelties of these "latter days" is a machine, patented last year, by which any one can print by hand—thus printing his own compositions, his letters to his friends, or anything which may be thought of sufficient value to put into a legible shape. The operation of printing by the above machine is as follows:—

To insert the paper: remove the brass wire in the paper frame, by pushing it against the spiral spring on one end of it; introduce one end of paper downwards, between presser bar J and type wheel and in front of wire—insert the other end between rolls R and turn them a little to fasten the paper, then put the brass wire in its place again, and by turning rolls R a little more, stretch the paper, allowing the click to rest in its appropriated notch, in hand wheel M.

Push the frame S S back to its starting place.

To ink the rollers properly—take a portion of good printer's ink, about the size of a grain of wheat, place it on a smooth, clean surface, like tin or plate, remove rollers from the machine, and, like the operation of rolling pie dough, completely cover the surface of rolls, with the thinnest film of ink possible, continue the rolling until the ink, to all appearances has disappeared, using no more ink than the quantity specified. Economy is, emphatically, success in this case, as too much ink on rolls will clog the

types and deface the paper. It must be understood that no good printing can be done on any machine when the inking apparatus is not in proper working order.

After replacing the ink rollers and noticing that the tension of their springs is just sufficient to press them against the types with the slightest touch possible; the machine is then ready for printing.

Take hold of the handle D and move it around until the pointer under it indicates the letter desired, then with a smart and decided, yet free motion of the hand, press the handle downward, until a "click" is heard, and the impression is made; assist the handle upward until another "click" is heard, then move to next desired letter and produce its impression and so on. A little practice will enable any one to print as rapidly as good, ordinary writing is done.

When the line is printed, the paper-frame is adjusted for a new line by turning hand wheel M a "notch," which moves rolls R and draws the paper through, and pushing frame back to its place of starting. The type receives ink from two rollers, one F, on the near side, and the other on the opposite side of the machine.

Any one desiring more information respecting this machine, will address Mr. John H. Cooper, or call upon C. Bradford, at the Emporium, Fifth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

The banker hugged himself with the satisfaction of a man who feels he has done the right thing in the right way, and having despatched his letter, dropped in at Mrs. Freelove's in the evening.

"Did the ——— baronet come in to dinner, to-day?" asked he, in a bantering tone of that lady, in presence of the inmates of the house.

"No," replied Mrs. Freelove, in much astonishment. "And pray tell us, if you know, where Sir John is; for we waited a full hour beyond our usual time before we sat down to table."

"Sir John, alias Jones," said the banker, laughing, "is on his road to—the devil, for what I care."

And he then related all that had taken place, amid the exclamations of surprise from all present, except one or two who took care to observe they suspected something was wrong about the baronet from the first; but, much to the annoyance of the credulous Mrs. Freelove, who had quarrelled with one of her best lodgers for his sake, to say nothing of the party given on his account, and the increase of expenses to render the dinner worthy of so distinguished a guest. Her only consolation was that he must have left in his trunks more value than would pay for his board and lodging; but even this hope turned out to be illusory, as the trunks proved to be filled with sand, while the portmanteau, with the elegant shirts and dressing-case, had been secretly carried out of the house.

So the whole town laughed at Mrs. Freelove, and extolled the banker as a clever man. But in a few days she had the comfort of being able to turn the tables upon him. The London firm wrote to him as follows:—

"RESPECTED SIR—You have been the victim of a shameless swindler. We have not been robbed of a farthing. Our much-valued cashier has been with us for the last thirty years, and is still a bachelor. He is at his desk as usual while we are penning this. We gave you no instructions whatsoever. The bills are forgeries. As to the sixty thousand francs which you paid away somewhat incautiously, we must beg to decline being your debtors for the same."

"We remain, &c.,

"R. W. ——— AND CO."

In the first feeling of stupefaction, the banker thought the firm of W ——— and Co. had formed a plot to defraud him; but he finished by discovering he had been himself the dupe of a couple of expert swindlers. The false cashier had written the letter describing himself, and invented the gift of the sixty thousand francs as a safe mode of obtaining money than of running the chance of discounting the bills. The Hon. Augustus Lighthead played the minor part of a decoy duck.

Ever after that, if Van Hussen attempted to joke Mrs. Freelove about the baronet, she would reply that she had now grown more cautious whom she admitted, although her experience had not cost her quite so much as sixty thousand francs.

A BRILLIANT FANCY.—A noted wit in Paris was once hard pushed for an item to fill a corner in his journal, and finding facts were scarce, he fell back upon his imagination and wrote as follows:—

"A little event, threw into commotion yesterday morning the residents of Rue des Martyrs. A young man from Rome, who is a musician of talent, finding himself reduced to misery, and not having anything to feed a favorite monkey with, resolved to put an end to his days, and hung himself with a bunch of violin strings. He was saved from death by a strange event. The monkey had seen its master play, and with the instinct peculiar to his race, seized a bow and began scraping it across the strings which were stretched by the weight of the body. The neighbors stunned by such a noise, rushed in and cut him down, and with the assistance of a doctor life was restored."

A LEGAL ACCIDENT.

The question of the innocent convicted having been lately brought under public attention, Mr. Brady, of Warwick Place, Belgravia, sends to the *London Times* the following statement of a most painful case that came under his observation within the last four years. For obvious reasons he withholds the name of the unfortunate victim of a "legal accident."

Mr. T ———, a young man of high character, with respectable family connections, was employed for twelve years in one of the largest firms in the "Manchester line" in the city, the last three of which as buyer for the establishment; in that capacity he laid out on an average from £40,000 to £50,000 a year. In the early part of the year 1853, he left town for Manchester by the night mail; on arriving at ——— station he changed his mind, and determined not to proceed to Manchester that night. On leaving the station for the hotel he was stopped by a police officer, who accused him of stealing the carpet bag which he had in his hand; on examination it was found to be the property of another gentleman. He endeavored to explain that he took it by mistake; but to no purpose. He was searched; his ticket for Manchester was found on him. This fact was considered conclusive evidence that his leaving the train at this intermediate station was done for felonious purposes. Another policeman coming up at the moment, at once recognized in the person of Mr. T ——— a notorious well-known man from London, and joyously taking the gold watch and chain from my friend's neck, said, "I suppose this is part of the proceeds of your calling." Expostulation on the part of the accused was vain. He declared his innocence and asked for his own bag, but the idea of his possessing such an article was utterly ridiculed, and his request was looked upon as a part of the sharper's dodge. After a little more ceremony he was consigned to a cell for the night, to await his examination. He implored permission to write to his wife, but so great a favor could not be granted.

The accusation, even at this early stage, had done its work. Excitement set in, and in the agony of his distress he conceived the futile design of attempting to escape from the horror of the place he was in and the foulness of the charge. Unfortunately, the attempt was made, and from that moment his fate was sealed. Without being permitted to communicate with his friends he was examined before the magistrates and committed to the county goal. Eight days from this time his wife, who was in perfect ignorance of what had happened to her husband, went in great distress of mind to the city to make inquiries as to his absence, when, to her consternation, she was told that there was an account in a country newspaper of his having been committed to prison on a charge of robbery. At once she set off to his prison, and, after an interview, proceeded to the magistrate who committed him with a view of having him bailed out, but in vain.

Now, without going into minute detail of what took place from the time of his wife seeing him in prison to the day of his trial, I shall state that the day for his trial was appointed; the solicitor for the defence had instructions to telegraph to his brother, a gentleman of high character in the city, who, with my unhappy friend's employer, intended to be present at the trial, to speak to character. But the fatality which in the first instance befel him pursued him with unrelenting perseverance. The business of the court, which was calculated to occupy a certain time, was got over much sooner than was at first expected. Poor T ——— was called upon to plead to the charge. His counsel, in defence, pointed out to the judge and jury the improbability of a man committing such an act who held a position of great trust in society, and whose character for honesty was beyond all question, as he should prove by evidence of the highest respectability. After his address the names of the witnesses for character were called, but the trial unfortunately took place twenty-four hours earlier than in the ordinary course was expected, they were not present. The jury, without leaving the box, found him guilty; the judge approved the verdict, and the poor man was sentenced to some years' imprisonment.

It may be asked, where was the wife all this time? Why was she not present? Wonder not! The day before the trial she gave birth to her sixth child, and from distress of mind was not expected to survive the day through. Fever came on, insensibility followed, and for ten days she was unconscious of everything about her. At the first gleam of returning sense she inquired of her nurse if John had returned home, evidently alluding to his usual return from business; but memory, like a flash of lightning, recalled to her his sad position, and she sank back into the state of insensibility from which she appeared to be recovering. I am not indulging in sentiment; I narrate what I saw. Three weeks later her two eldest children were carried off by an attack of scarlet fever; ten days more her infant died. Within three months from that time she received information from the governor of the goal that her husband was dying, and that she must proceed immediately to him if she wished to see him alive. She entered the wretched cell. There, before her, lay her husband—a helpless, paralyzed old man—an idiot. His hair, which three months before had not a gray hair in it, was now perfectly white. His age, thirty five years. Fortunately for him, he knew her not. Her passionate and heart-rending grief, which wrung the hearts of those around, fell dead on his ear; all human sympathies were gone. Reason was rudely jostled from her seat. He cared not for judge, jury, or policeman, and he gazed unconsciously on the wife of his early and affectionate love and the mother of his helpless children. I need not dwell upon this scene.

After some formalities at the Home-office he was removed to a private asylum, near London. He was once more a free man, but to what purpose? In a short time he sank and died.

This was just one of those cases in which it is easy to fix suspicion, and next to impossible to remove it. If no two carpet bags were alike; if there were no confusion at a railway station on the arrival of a train; no rush for luggage; but on the contrary, such order that it would be difficult—instead of easy as it is—to make a mistake. If the railway authorities had their part done their duty, and made proper search and inquiry for T ———'s carpet bag, which they would not believe he possessed, but which they afterwards found; if they had allowed him to communicate with his friends, so as to give him an opportunity before he was consigned to prison of proving that he was not one of the swell mob, as they rashly and fatally suspected,

and if he had failed to verify the account he gave of himself—then indeed it might be said that there was a case for a jury. But there was no such case. The man was falsely accused, imprisoned, convicted, and driven mad.

Would that I could here close this tale of misery. The husband's relations, for reasons which it is for them to account for, and if they can, justify, thought proper to shun the widow and children of their degraded relative? Two years passed, and the little all she had—rings, jewelry, and part of her furniture—were consumed in the support of her helpless children. She sought employment at one of the houses of business in the city as a blond runner, and she is now to be found, with a shattered constitution and skeleton form, stitching from daylight till twelve o'clock at night, to obtain a most miserable and scanty support for her three helpless surviving children. The work, where done, must be taken to the warehouse; there this gentle suffering creature, delicately nurtured, not long since the mistress of a happy and comfortable home, has to stand for hours to wait her turn, that her work may be examined, and a fresh supply given her.

A FIRESIDE SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Give Hope a place beside our evening fire;
Twill add a warmer glow to its glow,
And bring out pictures from the smouldering pyre
Which darkness and despair can never show.
Twill breathe of Night that utters the glad cry,
And the white Winter followed by green May.
Twill draw forth images of suns that rise
From the dark bosom of the passing mist—
Of smiling glances drying tearful eyes,
And warm cheeks into roses new health-kiss;
Hope is not always false, whate'er men say,
Since after Winter follows the green May.

Cold is the night, but colder is the street—
Be thankful for the fagot in the grate;
And dwell on every mercy thou dost meet,
Blessing the hand which spurs thee to the grate.
On many a sufferer, in whose sterner way
Lingers the Winter longer than the May.

Thank God for this, that Hope hath come again,
And nestles in our hearts, like birds that sing;
Nestle some kind that shelter from hail-storms grim,
And food where stacks of corn keep off the wind.
Stay, heavenly Hope! and teach us well to pray,
That Winter may be followed by green May.

—Chambers's Journal.

RUSSIAN FRUIT.—The Russian raspberries are delicious, full-sized, juicy and luscious, and devoid of that curious furry dryness, that to me make western raspberries as deceptive and annoying to the palate as the apples of the Dead Sea. In England, a raspberry, to my mind, is only to be tolerated—like the midshipman who was hated by the purser—in a pie; but in Russia it is a bulb of thirst-allaying delight. The Russian raspberries, on the other hand, are execrable—little mimic plums, shrunken, wrenched atoms, like number six shot run to earth, and blushing at their own decrepitude. I have seen hot house raspberries, not in the fruit markets, but in the great Dutch fruiterers' shops in the Nevskoi. Four dollars odd was the moderate price asked for a basket containing half a dozen moderately sized strawberries.

Sala.

Useful Receipts.

TO PREVENT GLUE FROM SMOELLING BADEY.—A teaspoonful of saltpetre added to a large gub full of glue will effectually prevent it from smelling bad; besides it causes it to dry faster and harder than it would without it. No money would prohibit me from using it, so long as I am compelled to use glue.—*Car. Chamberlain's Magazine.*

TO STOP BLEEDING FROM THE GAVES OF AN EXTRACTED TOOTH.—Noticing the case of Mr. Locke, who bled to death in consequence of the extraction of a tooth, Dr. Addison, of Richmond, Va., says he never fails to stop the bleeding by packing the alveolus from which the blood continued to trickle, fully and firmly with cotton moistened in a strong solution of alum and water. He cured a brother physician in this way, whose jaw had bled for two weeks.

POISONED DOGS.—Upon an emergency, hold the dog's head between your legs, open the mouth with a stick, and give a handful of common salt. The old plan of washing the dog's legs, after a day's sporting, with strong salt and water, will prevent scab and foot soreness.—*London Field.*

TO SWEETEN RANCID BUTTER.—An agriculturist near Brussels, in Europe, having succeeded in removing the bad smell and disagreeable taste of some butter by boiling or mixing with chloride of lime, he was encouraged by this happy result to continue his experiments by trying them upon butter so rancid as to be past use; and he has restored to butter, the odor and taste of which was insupportable to all, the sweetness of fresh butter. This operation is extremely simple and practicable for all. It consists in beating the butter in a sufficient quantity of water, into which had been mixed 25 or 30 drops of chloride of lime to two pounds of butter. After having brought all parts in contact with this water, it may be left for an hour or two; afterwards withdrawn, and washed anew in fresh water. The chloride of lime used, having nothing injurious in it, can safely be increased; but after having verified the experiment, it was found that 25 or 30 drops to two and a half pound of butter were sufficient.

PUMPKIN PIE WITHOUT EGGS.—Prepare the pumpkin in the same manner you would when you use eggs; take a tablespoonful of flour to a pie—mix it with milk—stir in the prepared pumpkin, and when baked you will not be able to tell any difference in the pies made with eggs and those made with flour.

FLEAS IN DOGS.—It has been gravely told that the fox has a curious method to rid himself of the nuisance. When Reynard is plagued, he tears up a bunch of moss, which he holds firmly in his mouth, and wades quietly into a stream. As the fleas feel the water they retreat to higher ground; by degrees they immerse the whole of his body except his nose. The fleas having taken refuge upon the moss, Reynard ducks his head, lets the moss escape with its living freight, with no lifeboat in the offing. But, as dogs do not pretend to these manoeuvres, rub them over, (particularly about the neck) with Scotch snuff, mixed with lard—once snuff to 4 ounces lard. Linewash the kennel or dog pen, and keep it clean.—*London Field.*

WORMS IN THE HOUSE.—Let the animal for fifteen hours, at least; give him from 4 to 6 of a gallon of potatoes which have become green by exposure to the atmosphere (no other food for two hours after). Tape and other worms will be voided.—*London Field.*

TODDLING MAY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Five pearly teeth, and a soft blue eye,
A sinless eye of blue,
That is dim or bright, it scarce knows why,
That baby dim is true.
And parted hair of pale, pale gold,
That is priceless every curl,
And a boldness shy and a fear half told,
Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small foot, as the snow-drop white,
That is worn with a tiny pride,
With a dash of blue, by a little sight
With a baby wonder-eyed,
And a pattering pair of restless shoes
Whose feet have a tiny fall,
That not for the world's coined wealth we'd lose,
That, Baby May we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes
That a thought of sleep disdains,
That with shouts of tiny lullabies
Are by'd and by'd in vain;
A drawer of carls with baby noise,
With stinnings and purred up brow,
Whose hopes are eases and whose dreams are toys,
Ay, that's my baby now.

A sticking of heart, a shuddering dread,
Too deep for a word or tear—
Or a joy whose measure may not be said,
As the future is hope or fear;
A sunless venture, whose voyage's fate
We would and yet would not know,
Whom we dower with love as great
As is perilled by hearts below.

Oh, what as her tiny laugh is dear,
Or our days with gladness glides!
Or what is the sound we love to hear
Like the joy of her baby words!
Oh, pleasure our pain and joys our fears—
Should be, could the future say,
Away with sorrow—time has no tears
For the eyes of Baby May.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC
SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE TWO BANKS OF THE RIVER.

After attending to our hot coffee and buttered toast, Messrs. Clark and Sloan left us to ourselves for a moment, while they went to perform their morning ablutions, and dress for "a walk before breakfast." "You have much to see even on this side of the river," said the former as they rejoined us, "and moreover, you want a walk to get up an appetite for your third breakfast: Aliens."

So we started; we, and the four dogs; slim Mr. Clark, and extremely stout Mr. Sloan. Even now I look back to that walk and the breakfast which followed it, with rare pleasure. We had entered their house by the back door, we now left it by the front; and no sooner did the gate close behind us, than we found ourselves on the edge of an immense graveyard—a Chinese graveyard—an old graveyard of the oldest people in the world—the resting place of forgotten millions and billions. The whole face of the expanding country, as far as the eye could reach, showed nothing but graves. Just as the hills along the river bank had been covered with rows of the sweet potato, so was this endless expanse of undulating country covered with human graves. Here and there were to be seen a clump of shade trees, a rocky knoll, the huge horseshoe like grave of one of the higher classes, or a crowd of people moving slowly from spot to spot, as if in search of something which they stooped to gather; but everything else was mounded after mound—those monstrous, oblong piles, which mean the same in every clime, which tell us in a common language, "here lies one who once stood as erect as you."

We followed one of the thousand foot-paths which wound their narrow lengths among these crumbling undulations, and through the rank grass which hid many of them from view, and soon found ourselves in the midst of one of the crowds already spoken of, which proved to consist of women and children engaged in cutting grass from the graves of their ancestors, and tying it in bundles to be carried into the opposite city, for sale. The women used sharp, half-moon-like knives, grasping the grass in the left hand, and throwing it behind them to the children, who piled it together and tied it into bundles. They smiled upon us pleasantly as we stopped to admire the scene, and approached us without fear to get a closer view of our gold lace and buttons. They were clothed in two very simple nightgown-like garments which, most unbecomingly, did not reach quite down to the knee. They were thus enabled, Mr. Sloan remarked, to cut the grass while the dew was yet upon it, without being forced to "draggle their skirts."

I observed that these women were much more robust and hearty than those in the vicinity of Canton, and upon making a remark to that effect, was informed by Mr. Sloan that it was a very common observation of strangers. He then went on to tell us that the Chinese seemed to improve in stature and intellect as you went north, until, when you got as high as Peking, the difference between them and those of the South was apparent to the most careless observer.

Leaving this group, we continued our walk towards a clump of shade trees, under whose wide-spreading branches we sheltered ourselves from the increasing heat of the sun, while examining the tombstones of several foreigners who had fallen victims to the climate. Two of these were missionaries, and as I read their simple epitaphs, and listened to the difficulties and hardships which they had surmounted in opening the Word of God to that infidel region, I felt how solid must be the religion which could thus brace the minds of both men and women to leave their quiet homes in a western world, to struggle and die and be buried in a strange and far distant land.

"This piece of ground was granted to us, after much trouble, as a graveyard," remarked Mr. Clark, "and we have stuck a few extra trees here and there, as much to mark its limits as anything else. It is here that your friend Hunter will be buried, if he dies, poor fellow!"

Hunter was our second lieutenant, a generous and noble fellow, and he was then very low, not expected to live to get to sea again. We picked out a shady spot under a heavy old tree as his final resting place, and then walked sadly in the direction of a heathen temple which lifted its grotesque form over a high bluff, at the foot of which flowed the river. Three days later we were again in the shady burial ground, and the fresh earth had been turned under the heavy old tree, and a wasted frame was lowered upon a damp, cold bed. Poor Hall!

Upon arriving at the "Josh house" or temple,

we were received by several Buddhist priests, who seemed to know Messrs. Clark and Sloan very well. At any rate they commenced a very animated conversation, which resulted in our following them into the interior, where we found quite a large room, the ceiling of which was supported by heavy granite pillars, the floor of which was highly polished, and the back end of which was occupied by an extensive altar, which might readily have passed for that of an ordinary Roman chapel, had the life-size figures of Mr. and Mrs. Josh, which flanked it on either hand, been replaced by that of the Virgin Mary and the usual representation of the Suffering upon Calvary. Rewarding our talkative guides with a graceful bend of the head, we retraced our steps toward the Consulate, leaving them upon the massive stone steps of their temple, with most disappointed expressions of countenance.

"That's the time we didn't do what they expected," exclaimed Mr. Sloan, as we sauntered leisurely back. "That fat fellow expected a quarter at least for asking us in, and he would have changed it into cash," and gumbled on it for a week. They're great gamblers; they even gamble in the temple of their god."

We found our third breakfast awaiting us, and an hour or two later the space in front of the house was crowded with sedan chairs, each carried by coolies, and attended by a third who relieved the bearers alternately as they tired. Each one of us now selected a chair, took our seats, were "shut up," and finally lifted upon the shoulders of our carriers.

"I would advise you to keep your curtains down," said Mr. Sloan, as we separated to our different chairs. "We are now going to cross the bridge into the opposite city, and they often insult foreigners over there. I once took a similar trip with a friend who was spit upon in sheer wantonness."

"What did he do?" asked an indignant voice.

"Do? why he looked straight ahead as if nothing in the world had happened, and hauled down his curtain as soon as prudent. Had he jumped out and knocked the fellow down, we should have all been cut to pieces. This didn't happen so very long ago, either, so take care to look directly ahead if any one calls you a 'Fanqui' and spits in your face."

"How would it do to show them a revolver?" asked a confident voice.

"It would do as much good as if drawn against any other infuriated mob," replied Mr. Sloan. "No, the best way is to take no notice of any impertinence. Treat them with silent contempt."

We were now all seated in our chairs, the coolies started with a half trot gait, and in ten minutes we were crossing the smaller bridge. Then we passed directly over the island to the long one, and after fifteen minutes of crowding, jostling and jolting gained the opposite bank, and plunged down a narrow and densely packed street which led into the heart of the city. The crowd had been so great on the bridge, that in spite of a gentle breeze which was blowing down the river, we had experienced a sensation of half suffocation.

After proceeding some two miles down the street, we turned at right angles, and passing under a massive archway of dark, time-worn gray granite, turned abruptly into a third street which looked strange in its sudden quiet. Those through which we had previously passed had been narrow (some ten feet in width) and so crowded that we had often had to stop to let the crowd pass us, while this was of very fair width and not a Chinaman to be seen. Our coolies stopped, and we got out to stretch our limbs which had been cramped by the long confinement, and to examine some of the shops.

"We call this 'Old Curiosity Street,'" said Mr. Clark, "it is 'the Bowery' of Foon-chow, and well worth passing through: let us leave our chairs and look through the shops."

So we walked slowly down it, peering into the door of one establishment, entering another, and all the while attracting an increasing crowd. They seemed to sprang up like magic, and finally became so thick, that upon our return we entered a No. 1 looking establishment, apparently to admire its contents, but in reality with the hope that they would retire and enable us to regain our chairs without elbowing them, and running the risk of being spit upon.

While examining the different articles, I came across two very civilized looking wine glasses that looked as if they might be considered very valuable by the shopkeeper. He had them covered carefully with an oval glass case (as clocks are often covered on mantle-pieces) and upon seeing me linger over them, came forward to remove the case, and give me a closer view. They were of ordinary pressed glass, and from simple curiosity I asked him the price. Imagine our amusement when he replied (through Mr. Clark) "\$5.00!" We told him that they only cost three cents in our country, at which he looked very much surprised, but recovered them with greater care than ever. Our information evidently did not lower their value in his eyes.

Finding that the crowd rarely increased than otherwise, we finally commenced the process of elbowing, and were so fortunate as to reach another shop without exciting the displeasure of any of them. Some of them scowled upon us, nothing more.

This last establishment was that of a cabinet maker, and the Consul told us that he was so celebrated for his superior workmanship, that the great people of Peking ordered all of his wares beforehand. Among other things he showed us a tray containing a number of small lacquered boxes about the size of one's fist, for which he asked \$5.00 each. They were very beautiful certainly, but we subsequently saw superior ones in Japan, the cost of which was only fifty cents.

Leaving this aristocratic artisan and his high-priced wares with tightly buttoned pockets, we returned to our chairs, threw several handfuls of "cash" to the noisy and swaying crowd, who were now beginning to cry Fanqui! Fanqui! and returned toward the bridge. Just as we passed under the massive archway previously spoken of, the head chairs (we were necessarily proceeding in single file) were brought to a halt by a religious procession, which must have consisted of several thousand persons. Fearing to excite ill feeling by breaking through it, we were obliged to quietly await its passage, and as it was journeying the same road that we were, we had to follow slowly in its confused rear, in spite of the rising appetites which were urging us ahead. The consequence of this was that our dinner was a very late one, and it was midnight

• A small copper or iron coin, sixteen of which make a cent.
• Lower order of Chinese.
• Foreign devil.



SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

before we again stepped into our sampans and returned with the ebbing tide to our wandering home—the unfortunate "old John."

In concluding this account of our visit to Foon-chow, it may be well to state that not many months later, this people through whom we passed at the expense of a few hisses, murdered in cold-blood one of the foreign residents of the opposite bank, who simply interfered to protect one of his native servants from their fury. Mr. Sloan's advice was doubtless very solid:—"If they call you 'Fanqui,' and spit in your face, look straight ahead, as if nothing had happened."

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

An elegant assortment of bonnets completed within the last few days, comprises one composed of bias rows of velvet of two different tones of green. The rows of velvet are separated by rows of narrow black lace, the curtain is covered with black lace, and the bonnet is trimmed on one side with a bouquet of velvet flowers in different shades of green, intermingled with blades of grass. A bonnet of the same style as that just mentioned, has been made in maroon-color velvet. Rows of black and white blonde are placed between the rows of velvet, and there is no other trimming on the outside. The under trimming consists of small pink and white flowers, tastefully intermingled with quillings of blonde.

Small tufts of feathers are this season much employed in ornamenting head-dresses for evening costume. Among the *couffures* which have just been completed, may be mentioned one composed of tulle and blonde, in the form of a toque. On one side are two tufts of feathers, the one blue and the other white. On the opposite side are loops and flowing ends of white and blue tulle velvet ribbon. A much admired head-dress consists of pendant sprays of violets in gold and in velvet of three different tints. These sprays, which are intermingled with loops of gold beads, droop towards the back of the neck; on each side are attached two strings of gold beads. Another head dress consists of a net formed of red velvet. The net is trimmed all round with sprays of the small Corinth grape (in gold) intermingled with the berries of the service tree (in velvet), and with ends of red velvet ribbon (in gold). Among the recent importations from Paris is a very beautiful head-dress styled the *couffure Egyptienne*. It is formed of two bandeaux of grosgrain-color velvet, embroidered with gold, and on one side there is a lotus flower, and on the other a bow of grosgrain-color ribbon, figured with hieroglyphics in gold.

No striking novelties have appeared in walking costume in addition to those we have recently mentioned. However, many dresses adapted for full evening costume are being made at the present season, differing much one from another. One of several very pretty evening dresses just completed, is composed of pink silk, the skirt covered from the edge to the waist with narrow boucées of guipure, set on in very slight fullness. At the head of each boucée there is a narrow ruche of pink sarsnet ribbon. The sleeves are formed of two puffs of silk, covered with guipure, and are finished at the lower part with a frill of the same. Over the corsage is worn a guipure shawl, having the points in front elongated, and formed, at the waist into a bow with flowing ends.

At a brilliant evening party, given in Paris last week, a lady of rank wore a dress of plain white silk, with two skirts. Both skirts were ornamented on each side with perpendicular rows of trimming, formed of appraise blue silk. This trimming was one of the pyramidal form, that is to say, broad at the lower part, and gradually tapering to a point at the waist; it was bordered on each side by a row of black blonde, drawn at intervals so as to form a series of festoons on the blue silk. Between each festoon was placed a small rosette of black blonde, having a sapphire in the centre. The corsage of this dress, though low, had a basque, which was slashed, and the slashes were connected together by a trimming of blue silk and black blonde, corresponding with the trimming on the skirts, excepting that the rosettes of blonde were composed of numerous small puffs of white tulle, intermingled with rosettes of black blonde, with a sapphire in the centre. A shawl of white tulle boucées, with runnings of blue ribbon, completed the costume.—London Lady's Paper of Jan. 24th.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

The author of "Pelham" and of "The Caxtons" has again been figuring conspicuously. On the afternoon of Thursday, the 15th of January, Sir Bulwer Lytton was formally installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. The minute of election having been read, and the usual formula gone through, Sir Bulwer Lytton delivered to the students an address which was much applauded. Next day, a large and respectable body of gentlemen connected with the city of Glasgow testified their respect for the new Lord Rector of their University by entertaining him at a public dinner.

We avail ourselves of this public appearance of England's popular novelist to present our readers with his portrait, and to record his achievements in the fields of literature. We are aware, indeed, that the career of Sir Bulwer Lytton has been so often traced that most people are familiar with his performances. We will, however, give a rapid sketch for the instruction of those who have not paid so much attention to contemporary biography as to be acquainted with the facts and circumstances of this intellectual Baronet's life. Fifty-two years ago he was born, with prospects very different from those of most men destined to literary eminence. The family from which Sir Bulwer Lytton sprang was rich, respectable, and not altogether destitute of hereditary honors. About the close of the sixteenth century, John Wiggott—his progenitor in the male line—acquired certain lands in Norfolk. Fortune favored John's progeny. One of his descendants mingled his blood by marriage with the Bultons of Dalling; a second inherited the estates and took the name of that ancient family; and a third—General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall—succeeded to the acres and assumed the name of a grand old knightly race—the Lytons of Knebworth. The General had three sons; and of these the youngest is the celebrated personage whom the worthies of Glasgow have just been installing as Lord Rector and entertaining at a public dinner.

While still in early youth, Bulwer was deprived of his father; but, fortunately for the development of the future novelist's intellect, his mother had a hereditary taste for elegant literature, and did much to form his mind. It was for her pleasure—so, at least, runs the story—that Bulwer, at the age of six or seven, wrote his earliest verses, some of which were imitations of those charming English ballads which Bishop Percy restored to popular favor, and which Walter Scott, in boyhood, perused with the eagerness of a young tiger devouring its prey.

Having been educated at private schools, and pursued his studies under private tutors, Bulwer was sent to complete his academic career at Cambridge. While figuring there among his equals, or those who deemed themselves such, the sumptuous fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall contrived to make driving his own horses, and other juvenile eccentricities, compatible with intellectual pursuits. He not only signalled his precocious talents by carrying off the Chancellor's prize medal with his English poem on "Sculpture," but applied his faculties of observation to life under various aspects and in various localities. It was in the habit of occupying the long vacation with pedestrian rambles in England and Scotland, and, on one occasion, he travelled, on horseback, over a great part of France.

At length, in 1827, Bulwer, having previously exercised his powers by some effusions in verse, published a work of fiction, entitled "Falkland," and next year "Pelham" made its appearance. About the merits of this novel, for which there was, at first, some difficulty in finding a publisher, critics were much divided in opinion, but generally the author was admitted to be a man of no ordinary powers.

When "Pelham" had been followed by "The Disowned," "Deverenz," "Paul Clifford," and "Eugene Aram," Bulwer wisely called a halt in his career as a novelist, and for a time, appeared before the public as editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." To that periodical he contributed a series of papers which have since been published in a collected form, and entitled "The Student." The reason he assigned for becoming editor was peculiar. At least, he is reported to have said that he merely did so to show that a gentleman might occupy such a position. While exercising editorial functions, he was engaged with his "England and the English," which was published in 1833.

After having stood the brunt of the abuse

which this clever and caustic anatomy of the national character brought upon him, Bulwer broke ground with his romance, "The Last Days of Pompeii," which was followed, as time passed on, by "Rienzi," "Leila," or the "Siege of Granada," "Caldron, the Courtier," "Night and Morning," "Day and Night," "The Last of the Barons," "Zanoni," and "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings."

Bulwer, as a novelist, had now come to proof. He had won fame, and won it fairly. He had originally composed with slowness and difficulty, but with a perseverance characteristic of the man, and worthy of all praise, he had continued to practice writing as an art, until, with three hours' labor a day, he averaged twenty pages of novel print. He had, as a novelist, been before the public for more than twenty years. He had tried first the fashionable novel; then the romantic and incidental; then the sentimental; and then the historical. Having been eminently successful in each line, he resolved upon writing a humorous novel, and "The Caxtons" began to appear in the columns of "Blackwood." This charming story of familiar life, which was read with delight, which gave the public a new idea of the author of "Pelham," and which raised him enormously in public opinion, was succeeded by "My Novel, or Varieties of English Life," a work of literary art embracing a wider field, and the last which Sir Bulwer Lytton has given to the reading world.

While engaged in writing works of romance, which few have read without pleasure or profit, Bulwer had not neglected other fields of literary labor. About 1830, he published "The Siamese Twins," a serio-comic poem. In 1837, a play from his pen, entitled "The Duchess de la Valliere," was performed at Covent Garden; and although it failed, from the story being one for which it was difficult to enlist the sympathies of an English audience, his other dramas, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money," had a very different and much more fortunate fate. In 1842, "Eva, the Ill-Omened Marriage," with other tales and poems from his pen, appeared; and at a later period, the "New Timon," and "King Arthur," two clever poems, were published anonymously. Upon "King Arthur" Bulwer had expended much thought and labor; and when his identity with the author of these poems was so generally insisted on that he felt there was no choice between the indiscretion of frank avowal and the effrontery of flat denial, he wrote: "I believed, whether truly or erroneously, that my experiment would have a fairer chance of justice, if it could be regarded without personal reference to the author; and, at all events, it was clear that I myself could the better judge how far the experiment had failed or succeeded, when freed from the partial kindness of those disposed to over-rate, or the pre-determined censure of those accustomed to despise my former labors. Whatever influence of good or ill my formal adoption of these foundings may have upon their future career, like other adventurers they must, therefore, take their chance in the crowd, happy if they can propitiate their father's foes, retain his friends, and, irrespective of either, sure to be judged at last according to their own deserts." When the Guild of Literature and Art was formed, Bulwer wrote for its benefit a drama, entitled, "Not so Bad as we Seem," which has frequently been acted by the amateur company of which Mr. Dickens is the chief, as also by professional performers; and he, moreover, manifested his strong sympathy with the trials of those not so highly favored by fortune as himself, by appropriating from his domain a room for an hospital for decayed artists and men of letters.

Having thus sketched Bulwer's literary career, in so far as it has been run, let us refer with brevity and candor to the part he has enacted in political affairs. It was, of course, as natural that a man of the station and talent of the heir of the Lytons should be admitted to Parliament as to Almack's, and accordingly, in 1831, he was returned to the House of Commons as Member for St. Ives. Inspired with popular predilections, he found his way to those benches from which the cause of the people was pleaded, and became conspicuous in the ranks of the "English Radicals." He proved, in his senatorial capacity, to link his name still closer with literature, by his exertions in favor of a law for the protection of dramatic copyright, and of measures for relieving the newspaper press from the burthen of the Stamp Laws. Moreover, when Sir R. Peel took office in 1835, Bulwer published a pamphlet, entitled "The Crisis," which ran rapidly through more than twenty editions, exercised no inconsiderable influence on the elections, won for its author a baronetcy, and would have opened for him the path to official life had he accepted the invitation to go forward. The accomplished novelist declined to pursue his political triumph; and at the general election of 1842, he was rejected by the borough of Lincoln, which he had represented for ten years. For several years after, he was excluded from Parliament.

Years went over, however, and in 1851, when parties had been broken up and recast, he, having meantime inherited Knebworth, with the estates of his mother's family, and assumed by royal license the historic name of Lytton, again entered the political arena, with a pamphlet in the form of "Letters to John Bull," recommending a settlement of the Protection question, on terms of mutual compromise; and when Parliament was dissolved in 1852 he was a successful candidate for the county of Hertford, and took his seat in the House of Commons as a Conservative and a supporter of Lord Derby. In his aspirations after parliamentary success and political power, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has, doubtless, to contend against such prejudices as ever in similar circumstances beset the path of those who have proved their genius and won their fame by works of fiction. His parliamentary speeches and motions, however, which are thoroughly English in character and popular in sentiment, have been eminently calculated to disarm prejudice; and he is now, we believe, pretty generally recognised as a great parliamentary personage, who, in the event of a ministerial change, may, with advantage to the interests of the country, take a prominent part in the administration of national affairs.

Early in 1854, Sir Bulwer Lytton, as Honorary President of the Associated Societies of the Edinburgh University, proceeded to the Northern capital, and delighted the inhabitants with an inaugural address, characterized by unrivalled power, displaying extensive learning, combining practical wisdom with poetic eloquence, and comparing advantageously with any oration of the kind that has been delivered in recent years. On appearing at Glasgow as Lord Rector of the University, Sir Bulwer Lytton did not equal his former effort. He attacked

the philosophy of Condorcet and the railway of Veldre; paid the usual tribute to departed Scottish worthies; supported the claim of Greek and Latin to be useful parts of a liberal education, and impressed upon his hearers the value of a "definite purpose." He offered a few maxims:—"Never affect (he said) to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say 'I do not know.' Men will then believe you when you say, 'I do know.' Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, 'I cannot afford it—I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me—I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away.' Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From those maxims let me deduce another—learn to say 'No' with decision; 'Yes' with caution—'No' with decision whenever it needs a temptation; 'Yes' with caution, whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can implicitly rely upon him. I have frequently seen in life a person preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge, which lifts him at once into station and fortune merely because he has this reputation, that when he says he knows a thing, he knows it; and when he says he will do a thing, he will do it." Sir Edward then said that it was his intention to place the sum of fifty guineas in the hands of the professors, leaving it to their discretion to select such subjects as experience may suggest as most useful or pleasing to the general body of the students. In addition, he proposed to the highest class of the scholars a prize of thirty guineas to the candidate who will most worthily render into lyrics, Greek or Latin, at the choice of the competitors, one of the immortal songs of Robert Burns. Sir Edward concluded in the following words:—"To you—to the men of your generation—is consigned the latter half of that century which your fathers enriched with such stores, and adorned with such trophies. Before your energies spread a dominion never compassed by the Eagle of the Caesars, extending from the first well-spring of civilization, under Indian palm-trees, to the last vest of its redundant flow, amidst Australian pastures. To your aid science contributes inventions which would have seemed to your progenitors fables as wild as the wings of Dædalus, or the talisman of Abaris. To you the earth is daily revealing new mines of gold, and the heavens are reaching new stores of intellectual light. Legislation for you has solved many of the problems that perplexed your fathers, and questions which, at the dawn of this century, threatened to rend society, are now peacefully settled. Compared with those who have gone before you, you have little to reform—you have infinitely more to perill. Such is the account which the trustees for half the century have rendered to those who are born to enjoy the inheritance of the half that follows. Filled with a sense of that magnificent bequest, and of the sublime responsibility it involves, go forth, students of Glasgow, and be in your turn the administrators of time, for the approval of Providence and for the benefit of man." Sir Bulwer Lytton concluded amidst reiterated and rapturous cheers.

MONKEY CIVILIZATION.—Monkeys seem to hold a rank somewhere between the quadrupeds and the birds, when they are found in their natural state, living on the trees in the vast Brazilian and African forests. They walk with difficulty upon the ground, and some of them can almost fly. Swinging and climbing from branch to branch and from tree to tree, with the aid of four or five hands, and supremely indifferent which end of them is uppermost, they make long journeys in search of fruit and eggs. As they can escape from lions and tigers with great facility, serpents are the only enemies really formidable to them. In some species the little troops are united as if they were one sole family, under the chieftainship of an old male. When the chief assembles his clan, he makes such a howling noise, and the troop gather round him with such submission, that he has been wickedly called the preacher monkey. Everybody knows how capricious they are, being alternately curious and indifferent, tranquil and tricky, playful and furious. The greatest affection between the males and the females does not extend to refraining from stealing each other's food. They never have recourse to force, but always to sleight of hand, in accomplishing their thefts. M. Frederic Cuvier says, the basis of the education which the female gives to her little ones is an apprenticeship in theft. Monkeys maraud in the neighborhood of man like the French soldiers of the first empire. Sentinels are planted to give the alarm of danger, and lines—or, as the French call them, queues, or tails—are formed to hand the fruits, which are lodged in their stores with great rapidity. The dangers of the marauding monkeys and soldiers are identical, for wherever the use of fire arms prevails they are shot without scruple.—Household Words.

MUSIC IN RUSSIA.—The Principle of Evil, if we are to believe the old legends, suffers, among other deprivations, under the curse of banishment from HANNOY. The devil has no ear. He cannot sing second. Counterpoint is a dead letter to him. Base as he may be, thorough bass is a sealed book to him. He is never more to hear the music of the spheres. Goethe has wonderfully implied this in the discordant jangling of the sound of Mephistopheles' speeches. After the Spirit of Negation has spoken one of his devilish distiches, the accents of Faust fall upon the ear like honey. It seems a certain curse upon the Russian aristocracy that they too have no ear. They cannot sing in tune; the only melody they are capable of accomplishing, is the tune the cow died of. I happened to mix much, while in Russia, in musical and operatic circles—of which, specially I shall have to say something in the course of this wayward journey. The Russian ladies are admirable, nay, scientific, musicians. They are wonderful pianists—but always in a hard, ringy, metallic manner, without one particle of soul; they are marvellous executants vocally, and can do as much perhaps in the way of roulades and fortissimo, as the almost unapproachable Miss Catherine Hayes; but sing in time, or tune (especially), they cannot. "They all sing false," a music master told me at Count Stroganoff's, pointing to a whole cohort of musical ladies gathered round a piano-forte. On the other hand the brutish, enslaved, un-music-mastered people are essentially melodious. I have heard, in villages, Russian airs sung to the strumming of the Balalaika, or Russian lute, with a purity of intonation and truth of expression, that would make many of our most admired ballad-singers blush.—F. Sala.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

hopes are entertained of her recovery. An examination of the papers left by the unfortunate lawyer, shows that they were reduced to the ut-

Milanese have got hold of this caricature, de-

of Admiral Seymour and Commissioner Bowring.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, }
February 23, 1957. }

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 250—Adults 91, and children 159.

No. 77 Dock Street,
MEATS.

WHEAT.—Supply good, with but little alteration in prices. Sales were made at \$1.35 to \$2.90 $\frac{1}{2}$ 100 lbs gross.

Pork	7 50	—
Pearls	7 75	—
BOTTLES—		
Bristol or etc.	8 —	5 50

ROCK-	20	- 07 -	- blood	- 22
As Flyer No1	20	- 07 -	- blood	- 22
No1	20	- 07 -	- room and j do	- 22
No1	22	- 07 -	No1 pulled	- 22
Country No1	20	- 07 -	Mozto do	- 22
Force do	22	- 07 -	Fluence A FIVE	- 22
Swampy die No1	20	- 07 -	A fives	- 22
Revised bang	20	- 07 -	ZING-	- 22
Eligible line	22	- 07 -	Shoes	- 22

ATEST FROM EUROPE

Mayor Seymour and Commissioner Bowlin

	Total Received last week
--	-----------------------------

91, and children 159.

67	of 60 bushels goes
254	at \$7.35, and 250
253	quote Timothy s

land 6

Clover at \$7.62½; also 400 bushels prime do.
bushels very prime do. at \$7.37½. We still
\$3,7504 ½ bushel.

good, with but little alteration in prices;
from \$1.5 to \$2.50 per 100 lbs gross.

Boston	5 - 210 -	Commercial
Hazard	5 - 210 -	St. Dominic
HAY 100 lbs		Manufacture

English text 65 - 67 - 1 Sheets

10

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AN EVENING IN NEW YORK.

Some time afterwards we found ourselves in Broadway. The first thing that attracted our attention was a large placard, asking us if we had seen a *peculiar kind of candy*. "Hold on," said Jim, and he entered the store; we followed. "Is Mr. — in?" inquired Jim, asking for the proprietor. "Yes, sir," said a young lady, who was officiating at the counter; "do you wish to see him?" "If you please." We were wondering what in the name of fortune Jim wanted to see him about, when the individual in question made his appearance. "Did you wish to see me, gentlemen?" "Yes," said Jim, "I hope you will excuse me, but you proposed a very startling question." "Indeed! what is that, sir?" "You wish to know if we use your candy? We have merely called in to say we don't. Good-night, sir." We walked out, leaving the storekeeper petrified with astonishment.

"Where shall we go to next?" said Tom. "I don't know, I wish we were in Paris," or London, then we might go to Evans, or the Cider Cellars." Many places were mentioned, but as soon as proposed. "Let us take a stroll," "Agreed." We lit our cigars and promenaded down Broadway, amusing ourselves by crossing the road as often as possible, and giving a gentle pull at the omnibus doors as they passed, which caused the driver to pull up, and look through the hole for his sippers. As nobody wanted to get out, he would drive on again, swearing audibly at his passengers for making a fool of him. When we got to Pearl, Jim said: "Let us go down here, and we will have a look." "Go ahead!" Where we lead, we are bound to follow." Jim stopped opposite a coffin store, drew out his handkerchief, settled his usually jovial looking face into one of profound melancholy, and entered. When we opened the door we heard sounds of laughter proceeding from the back parlor, but it was hushed instantly, and a man, the very picture of intense grief, emerged therefrom. "What can I have the pleasure?" He was about to say pleasure, but checked himself, and said: "What can I do for you, sir?" "I want," said Jim, "to look at some coffins," and he heaved a deep sigh. "Yes, sir. That style of coffin is very fashionable now, sir. It's liked exceedingly. It's neat, but at the same time effective." "What is the price?" "Ten dollars. You will find it a very serviceable article. I know you will be satisfied with it, sir. I sell a great number of that style of thing, sir. It gives universal satisfaction." "Do you think it will do Charles?" said Jim, turning to me. Not knowing what the dickens he meant to do with it, if he bought it, I said "I thought it would." "Well, then I will take eight." "Eight?" said the man, surprised. "Yes, I suppose you won't charge for sending them to the boat? I want to take them to Fort Hamilton." "Dear, dear me, sir. Are they all for your own family?" "Yes," said Jim. "Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all gone," and he pressed his handkerchief to his face. "Certainly, sir; I'll send them free of charge." "Thank you. Could you oblige me with a drink of water?" "Would you prefer brandy?" "It might be better; I want something to sustain me." The man produced his brandy, and we all partook of some. He made inquiries of Jim about the yellow fever at Fort Hamilton, with little view, I presume, of sending some coffin there, on speculation. Jim was assuring him that the papers, far from exaggerating things, had understated them, and giving a convulsive sob, said, "Excuse me for a few moments," and rushed from the shop. Tom and I, under the pretense of looking after him, left also, glad to get away so easily.

We found Jim at the top of Pearl street, holding an animated conversation with the gentleman who owns the large telescope, concerning the moon, whether it was inhabited or not, and insisting on looking through without charge, as he was connected with the press. "I say, that was done first rate, wasn't it? Merit ought not to go unrewarded—let us have some supper." "With all my heart—where shall we go?" "Let us go up to the —"

"All right, go on." We managed to get up as far as Grand street, without any incident worth recording, when Jim espied a star, and insisted on addressing him. "Mr. Star," said Jim, "excuse my speaking to you without a formal introduction." "Well, what is it?" "You are a member, I presume, of this free and enlightened country?" "Yes, I guess so." "Ah, I thought so. What do you think—I ask you as a man of honor and as a man of integrity—what do you think of the internal policy of the government of Seringsapattam?" The only answer the man of honor and integrity gave, was, "You go on now, or else you'll be locked up." Jim, after exhorting him to "keep cool," and requesting him to remember him kindly to his mother, walked on. Broome street was reached. Jim said he had to make a call there. "Very well, we will wait here." "No, no, come along with me." Jim ascended the steps of a very respectable looking house, on the hall door of which was a knocker, he seized it, and gave a tremendous rapping, loud enough to awaken the dead; before he had relinquished the knocker, the door was opened, and a man demanded what he wanted. "I wish to look at the rooms here, if you please." "A nice time," said the man, "to look at rooms, just as people are going to bed." "I'm aware it is an unreasonable hour, but I am detained by business all day, so it is impossible for me to call earlier." "You might be sure of the house before you knock people up. We don't let rooms here." "You don't? Pardon me, is not this No. —?" "This is No. — across the way." "Thank you." The man closed the door. Jim merely told him how he had been sold, honored him with a mysterious noise, in imitation of the crowing of a cock.

We found ourselves shortly afterwards in a nice cozy box of the — restaurant, ordering supper. On our calling waiter, an Irishman made his appearance, with, "What did you place to want, sir?" "Bring me," said Jim, "a stewed bifurcated anchovy." "A stewed what, sir?" "A bifurcated anchovy, stewed." "Yes, sir. Tom, not to be behind-hand, determined to get off a little Welsh, so he ordered a 'broiled potevrybrough, dressed with pickled asteroids.' "Och, Lord a marcy, an I never heard o' sich before, it's not on the bill of fare, I'm thimma, ye'll find'em." Jim and Tom assured him they were perfectly in earnest; if he could not un-

derstand them, to send his master. "But is it on the bill of fare they are, sir?" "Never mind that. You tell your cook, he will know what is wanted." The man, supposing them perfectly incorrigible, went away, and in a few minutes the cook appeared, knife in hand, ready to take our order. Supper, after some little difficulty, was at last ordered, soon served, and as quickly disappeared. Jim, with the intention of confusing the waiter, told him to bring us three "mandragoras." He soon got over the difficulty, however, by bringing us brandy, which I have no doubt did just as well. Jim was by this time very dignified, and insisted upon everybody when they spoke to him—to use that respect due from one gentleman to another. The bar keeper, hearing drinks mentioned, desired to know what we wanted. "Give me a hot brandy cocktail," said Jim. "Hot what, sir," said the bar keeper, thinking he must have misunderstood him, hearing such an unusual order given. "Hot brandy cocktail. Did you never hear of that before?" "No, sir, they are never made hot." "No matter whether they are or not. I want one, so give it to me. How dare you dictate to a gentleman?" "All right, sir; you shall have one. Patrick, bring some hot water." The bar-keeper mixed one, put in ice, and the usual ingredients, then added hot water. Jim drank it, declared it was the best drink he ever tasted, and would never touch anything but cocktail, hot. What followed next, I am not quite sure about.

A VOGLIST ELEVATED.—"What is your name?" said a judge to a loafer brought recently before him. "My name is Norval on the Grampian hills." "Where did you come from?" "I came from the land where care is unknown." "Where are you lodging now?" "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls." "Where are you going to?" "Far, far o'er hill and dale." "What is your occupation?" "I play on a harp of a thousand strings." "Are you married?" "Long time ago. Polly put the kettle on." "When were you married?" "Twas twelve o'clock one starlight night, I ever shall remember." "How many children have you?" "There's Doll and Bet, and Moll and Kate, and—"

"What is your wife's name?" "Oh, no, I never mention her." "Did your wife oppose your leaving?" "She wept not when we parted." "In what condition did you leave her?" "A rose tree in full bearing." "Is your family provided for?" "A little farm well-tilled." "Did your wife drive you off?" "Oh, sublime was the warning." "What did your wife say to you that induced you to elope?" "Come rest in this bosom." "Was your wife good looking?" "She was all my fancy painted her." "Did your wife ever treat you badly?" "Oh, in the stillly night." "When you announced your intention of emigrating, what did your wife say?" "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" "And what did you reply?" "Sweet Kitty Clever don't bother me so." "Where did you last see her?" "We met—twas in a crowd." "What did she say to you when you were in the act of leaving?" "Go, forget me." "Do you still love her?" "The minstrel returned from the war." "What are your possessions?" "Old dog Tray." "What do you propose to do with him?" "Send him to the other side of Jordan." "How do you propose to make a living?" "Pull off my coat and roll up my sleeves." The Judge couldn't stand any more, and accordingly sent him for three months.

HARD CASE IN LAW.—"Mr. G.—, a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer by the name of Merrick, who in olden times had a difficulty with a cabinet maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a good deal of interest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principal effected a compromise, by which Merrick was to take, in full of all demands, the cabinet maker's note for forty dollars, at six months, 'payable in cabinet ware.'"

Lawyer G.— was called upon to draft the necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which having been duly executed and delivered, the matter was supposed to be fully and amicably arranged.

G.— saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office, old Mr. Merrick came riding furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming:

"I say, 'Squire, am I bound to take coffins?" "It seems, on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet maker had refused to pay him in any other way!"

JONES P. ADAMS, or Yankee Addams, (so called, because of his unrivaled personations, of Yankee character), was playing in a piece written by himself. Some passage in the play deemed obnoxious, offended the audience, who unanimously hissed. The eccentric comedian stepped to the footlights and thus addressed the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have spoken nothing but the text of the play—and as an actor I am bound to speak what the author sets down for me. Are your hisses intended to reprove me for speaking the language written, or are your hisses intended to condemn the author?"

Cries issued from all parts of the house—"the author!"—the author—"we hiss the author!"—"Go on, Addams!"—"Go ahead old fellow."

Quiet was restored and the play was about to proceed, when an inquisitive old gentleman cried out, "Who is the author?"

With a coolness seldom equalled, the comedian replied—"JOHN P. ADAMS."

The audience were for a moment dumbfounded, but a hearty laugh ensued, and turned the tide in favor of Addams.

A WITCINISM FOR AN EPITAPH.—At Paris, a witty speech about a man often makes him better remembered than an epitaph. The learned Mons. Taubandeau is just dead, and was on the point of being taken and there forgotten. But some friend, who was with him at the last moment, was recounting pathetically the manner of his death:

"He seated himself," said this friend, "he turned his head—he took off his spectacles—and was dead!"

"Ah," said the younger Dumas, who was present, "he took off his spectacles first! At least, then, he was spared the pain of seeing himself die!"

Now, how long would Thibaudau have been remembered, but for the mention of him which there will be in the telling of that witicism?



WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

SMALL BUT BRUTAL SHOW-BOT.—"Have yer moostarchers blacked, Capting!—do 'em for a penny!"

RATHER UNCEREMONIOUS.

Count D'Alembert, in his "Tour en Amerique," gives the following laughable incident: Far away from the great cities, half hidden in the foliage, was the modest log-hut of a man, half trapper and half fisherman, and more than half savage; of course his name is Smith. He was married, and he and his wife, in this little chamber, led the happiest of lives; for on occasions she would not object to go twenty miles to hear the Baptist minister preach.

One evening about sundown, they were both together in their little log-cabin, both busy, and neither uttering a syllable.

By degrees a dull but regular sound breaks upon the silence of the wilderness. The steamer is ascending the river, making the best of its way against the stream. But neither Smith nor his wife pay any attention; he goes on cleaning his gun, and she knitting her stockings.

The air, however, darkens; a thick smoke rises upon every side; a formidable explosion is heard, like the discharge of several cannons at once. The bellows burst; the vessel had sunk; and everything was destroyed.

Smith and his wife were interrupted by the splitting in two of the cabin roof, and something heavy descending through the aperture. This something was a man, who dropped between the pair, without, however, disturbing either—he slied cleaning his gun, she still knitting her stockings.

But the traveller, so rudely introduced, seemed rather astonished at his descent. After a few moments, however, he resumed his coolness, and began to look about him, fixing his attention at last upon the hole through which he had just dropped.

"Ah! my man," said he at length, "what is the damage?" Upon this, Smith, putting aside his rifle, and looking up to estimate his loss, answered, after some little reflection, "Ten dollars."

"You be banged!" exclaimed the traveller. "Last week, in an explosion which I happened to be at, in another steamer, I fell through three flights, in a new house, and they only charged me five dollars. No, no! I know what the figure is in such cases. Here is a couple of dollars; and if that won't suit, go and sue me as quick as you like!"

SHORT-SIGHTED.—The subjoined is translated from a Leipzig "Joe Miller" story, entitled "Who Will Believe It?" The very tall and somewhat short-sighted Count X., on a journey had to sleep with a much shorter friend in the double bed of a country inn. Waking up soon after daybreak, he found his short friend drawn far down into the bed by his side, and saw a pair of naked feet hanging over the foot-board. He waked up the snoring short man, and said: "You will get your death of cold, my friend, if you do not draw in your feet."

"You are mistaken," was the reply, "those are your feet down below there." "Impossible!" said the Count; "be so good, however, as to look once more, for at this distance I cannot recognise them."

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour, and to see the natives. One of them one drizzly day, but the other the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine, that the first Pat they found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frieze coat and a piece of a hat, was trying to plough with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees.

"Pat," said our friend. "Yes, yer honor," he replied. "If the Devil were to come just now, which of us three would he take?" "Sure he'd take me, yer honor!" "But why, Pat?" "Case his sure of your honors at any time!"

INFLUENCE OF A NEWSPAPER.—A school-teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper on the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows:

"I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars, of both sexes and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home when compared with those who have not, are—1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly. 2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy. 3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the most important places, nations, their governments and doings, on the globe. 4. They are better grammarians; for, having become so familiar with every variety in the newspaper, from the commonplace advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy."

TENDERNESS IN DEATH.—A touching circumstance is told of the death bed of the late eminent M. Salvandy. When he could no longer speak, he made signs for paper and pencil, and traced these words for his wife, who stood beside him: "Sixty years of life, and thirty-two years of happiness."

Agricultural.

JUDGING OF HORSES' AGE BY THE TEETH.

There are no certain marks by which we can judge truly of the age of a horse but his teeth; and these only for a certain time; after that time, there is no method to be depended upon, but we may form a good guess by the front teeth of his upper jaw, until he is about twelve or thirteen; especially if we take into consideration the countenance of the horse, with some other marks which we shall point out. A horse has forty teeth, twenty-three called grinders, from which we learn nothing of his age; then six above and as many below, in the fore part of his mouth, called *gathers* or *cutting* teeth, and it is from these we know his age; then four tusks, two above and two below, sometimes named *bit teeth*, making in all forty.

Manes generally have no tusks—their teeth are, therefore, only thirty-six. When a colt is foaled, he has no teeth in the front of his mouth. In a few days, two above and two below make their appearance. Soon after these, four others appear; after these, it is usually three or four months before the corner teeth make their appearance. These twelve colt teeth in the front of the mouth continue without alteration till the colt is two years or two years and a half old. He then begins to lose his colt's teeth for permanent ones sooner or later, according to the manner in which he has been fed.

As it is from the front teeth of the lower jaw a horse's age is known, until he is in his eighth year, it is to those only we shall confine our attention. At about two years and a half old, he sheds the two middle teeth of the six; (as these first appear in the colt's mouth, so are they first to disappear;) these are succeeded by two permanent or horse teeth, stronger, of a deeper color, and grooved or fluted from top to bottom, with a black cavity in the centre. He is now rising three.

His mouth continues thus till some time in the latter part of the fourth year, when the same process takes place with the teeth on each side of the two in the centre; so that at four years old, he becomes possessed of four horse teeth in the middle, with their natural black marks in the centre, and one colt's tooth only on each side.

The next he sheds are the two remaining, or corner teeth. When he has got the successors to these, his mouth is full. He is then called a horse, five years old; he has the black mark now in all the six front teeth.

During the course of this year, the tusks, situated beyond the corner teeth upon the bars, appear; he is now five years old, off; and through the whole of the year is "rising six;"—we say, "he will be six years old next grass." Some time in the last six months of the sixth year, the black cavities of the two middle teeth are gradually filled up; and when he is turned six years old, they are nearly or quite smooth upon the surface. In the latter part of the seventh year, when the horse is termed "six off," six past, or rising seven, the teeth on each side of the two centre ones become gradually possessed of the same appearance; and when he is seven years old, the two outside or corner teeth only are marked with the black cavity.

After this period, the horse is said to be aged; and from this time to the completion of his eighth year, the mark in the corner teeth continues gradually to disappear, till it is quite gone, when the age by the teeth is no longer known. He is now "past the mark of the mouth."

After this period, you may judge of the age by the marks or cavities in the upper teeth. At about ten, the two front teeth have lost their marks; the two next then have but little left, but in the corner teeth these marks may be readily seen; those gradually wear out, and during the twelfth year are quite erased. The tusks, like the teeth, are gradually changing their appearance; they are small, sharp, and shell like at first, and are grooved on their inner surface; they gradually become larger and longer; the concavities or grooves on their insides also lessen; and, at about eight, they are nearly lost. At about eleven and a half or twelve, the inside of the tusk begins to approach towards a round form, and after becomes quite round; they are then blunt at the top, and of a yellowish brown color. The teeth of horses, as they advance in years, appear longer; from the gums shrinking from them they get more oblique in their position; they also acquire a much darker color. Horse-dealers are said to practice numerous artifices in order to deceive their customers with respect to their horses' ages; one of these is termed *blanching*, that is, making artificial marks in the teeth, when the natural ones are worn out; but there is always a want of resemblance between the natural and artificial mark. You may likewise compare them with the state of the tusks. They also knock out the corner teeth of four-year-olds, and make them appear five; for when these are removed, they are soon succeeded by horses' teeth.—Ohio Cultivator.

WINTER MEMORANDA.

There are many farm operations that require doing but once in the year, and when once completed they are done with. Such are most of the labors during all other parts of the year except winter, consisting of sowing, planting, cultivating, reaping, thrashing, fencing, draining, &c. But in winter, the case is quite different—almost everything is a constant repetition, or else continued attention. The farmer should, therefore, form a memorandum for a daily or weekly reference. A few examples are the following:

1. Examine the sheep specially at least once a week, separate weak ones and give them extra attention.
2. Observe whether hay and feed are properly secured from waste by means of racks and troughs or boxes.
3. See that all your animals, lambs, calves, &c., are amply sheltered, and not annoyed by stronger animals.
4. Provide a constant supply of good, fresh, pure water for all animals, a deficiency in which is apt to occur from freezing up—and remember that foul and impure water is a frequent cause of disease.
5. Observe the rule of a distinguished and skillful farmer, who, with large herds of cattle, never passed a day without placing his hand on every one—in other words he watched them closely, and their fine condition told that they were well cared for.
6. Take care that colts are not allowed to run in bleak and exposed places, but that they are well sheltered or protected; for they feel the cold and suffer a waste of flesh from its effects, as much as other animals.
7. Watch fences—see, that if blown down, they are immediately repaired, before fields are overrun by street animals, and young fruit trees browsed by strange cattle.
8. Attend to the comfort and cleanliness of swine—no animal more appreciates a warm and comfortable place, or loses more from wet and exposure.
9. See that deputies supply food to animals economically—that they give no more than is entirely eaten up—and if any is left, that the box or rack is cleared out, and made sweet and clean; and not allowed to become foul and offensive, as is too often the case, to the injury of the fresh and sweet food that is placed with it, and to the annoyance and ill-thrift of the animal.
10. Let all stables, sheds, and other places for feeding, and for the repose of domestic animals, be kept clean and comfortable—all stables should be cleaned out at least twice a day, three times is better—and unless the air is pure, ventilation must be immediately attended to.—Country Gentleman.

CARED UNDER.—A gentleman communicates to the editor of the Homestead, a statement in regard to the cure of one of his cows of caked udder, which is well worthy of record. He states that the cow came from the pasture with her bag swollen very hard, in such severe pain that she would not allow any one to touch it, but gave every evidence of being in the most excruciating agony. She was held, and her udder bathed with cold water for some time without producing any effect, and other usual applications were resorted to; finally, knowing the effect of tincture of arnica in allaying pain with the human subject, he brought some and applied a little of it to the bag. The cow ceased struggling, and almost immediately gave evident manifestation of pleasure, allowing the swollen and hard mass to be rubbed and kneaded. After another application of the arnica, and again rubbing, a complete cure was effected, and in a few days she regained her milk and became in as good case as before. The use of arnica, if its virtues were known, would become much more general. It relieves pain and soreness of the skin and muscles both in man and animals, without the disagreeable accompaniments of many other applications. The tincture is the best form for external application.

COUGH IN HORSES.—We once had a horse that had caught a bad cold, and coughed so severely that he could be heard half a mile. All sorts of remedies were rejected, although some might have proved useful, and the following course pursued: The horse was in the first place very carefully and moderately used so as to never produce perspiration. He was carefully blanketed when the weather was cold, (it was about mid autumn) or when he was in the least degree heated—he was kept constantly on green and succulent food, clover, &c., and was well supplied with plenty of the best water at all times. In a few weeks he was perfectly well. It is an old saying that more depends on the nurse than on the physician, which was verified in this instance.—Exchange.

THE LABEL.—It has always appeared to me that labelling trees after they were transplanted, involved a great deal of useless trouble, besides often endangering their growth by the pressure of the wires by which they were fastened to the trees. I have adopted the practice of making a little plan or map of my grounds, indicating by figures the position of each tree, shrub, and plant. In the way I have indicated a surer and never-failing record may be preserved of any and every kind of shrubs, trees, and plants.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

THE POOR.—Captain Basil Hall, in a diary he kept at Abbotford, quotes Sir Walter Scott's opinions about meddling with the domestic affairs of the poor thus:—"I dislike all such interference—all your domesticity, kind, impertinent visits—they are all pretty much like little insects, and do no manner of good; let people go on in their own way in God's name. Let the poor alone in their domestic habits, I pray you; protect and treat them kindly, of course, and trust them; but let them enjoy in quiet their dish of porridge and their potatoes and herrings, or whatever it may be—and consider it as a sin to do anything that can tend to make them lose the precious feeling of independence."

AN EFFECT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—In coming from England, one is struck with the manners of the French common people as entirely wanting in a sort of obsequiousness, which obtains in an aristocratic country. They are pleasant, good humored and obliging—but those downcast looks of utter humiliation and self-abasement which one sees in the English lower classes in the presence of superiors in their rank, does never appear. It would appear that the revolutions of France have made clean work with all that. The general air of the common people is as thoroughly democratic as in America.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 31, 49, 18, 28, 108, 14, was a battle of the Revolution.

My 23, 5, 2, 40, 1, is a celebrated college of New York.

My 12, 5, 23, 18, 9, 19, 23, 36, caused much disturbance in the United Colonies.

My 4, 31, 38, 28, 7, 11, 17, is a celebrated University of Pennsylvania.

My 45, 6, 3, 29, 12, 1, was a battle of the Revolution.

My 40, 45, 16, 13, is a celebrated University of Ohio.

My 37, 30, 33, 81, 37, 41, is a town in the United States.

My 45, 13, 47, 40, is a town in Mexico.

My 15, 34, 43, 11, 19, 40, is a town in Persia.

My 21, 9, 40, is a town in the Netherlands.

My 35, 38, 36, 36, 11, 44, is a town in Asia.

My 46, 40, 42, 37, was an English General.

My 36, 41, 13, 16, 28, is an American Historian.

My 47, 40, 17, 20, 33, 32, 42, 23, is a Chinese Philosopher.

My whole is an event in the early history of the American Colonies.

CINCO.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 2, 19, 30, 30, 30, 30, is a person who gives money.

My 9, 8, 11, 7, is a Pagan deity.

My 3, 4, 13, 19, 15, is a kind of salt.

My 4, 23, 9, 15, 8, 30, 34, is what changes with seasons.

My 6, 37, 28, 5, 33, is a country in Asia.

My 8, 30, 32, 5, 37, is a goblin.

My 7, 18, 14, 14, 30, 19, 30, is what husbands late hours often get.

My 31, 37, 33, 34, 35, is what will take away all.

My 9, 17, 27, 30, 5, 32, is a county officer.

My 10, 33, 29, is a vehicle.

My 11, 34, 35, 37, 39, is an animal.

My 11, 36, 39, 9, 10, 35, is a large bird.

My whole is one of the best Generals in the United States.

TINGLET.

SHAKESPEARIAN ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 41 letters.

My 1, 14, 20, 12, 9, is a noble Athenian.

My 2, 22, 30, 37, 13, is a lover of Verona.

My 3, 32, 10, 17, 33, 35, an attendant on Hera.

My 4, 35, 38, 32, 32, 30, Queen of Goths.

My 5, 35, 30, 34, 39, 41, Prince of Denmark.

My 7, 23, 18, 11, 32, 32, widow of Henry II.

My 8, 34, 31, 12, 34, a simple constable of Vienna.

My 9, 30, 30, 39, 37, 23, 35, 3, is a disadvised path of Athens.

My 13, 39, 19, 15, 30, 30, 22, 31, 35, the wife of Othello.

My 15, 14, 36, 13, 40, 30, 13, 30, 32, King of Persia.

My 16, 13, 36, 30, 15, 35, 34, one of Lear's daughters.

My 17, 20, 33, 30, 37, 33, 17, the friend of Hamlet.

My whole is a proverb.

GERARD